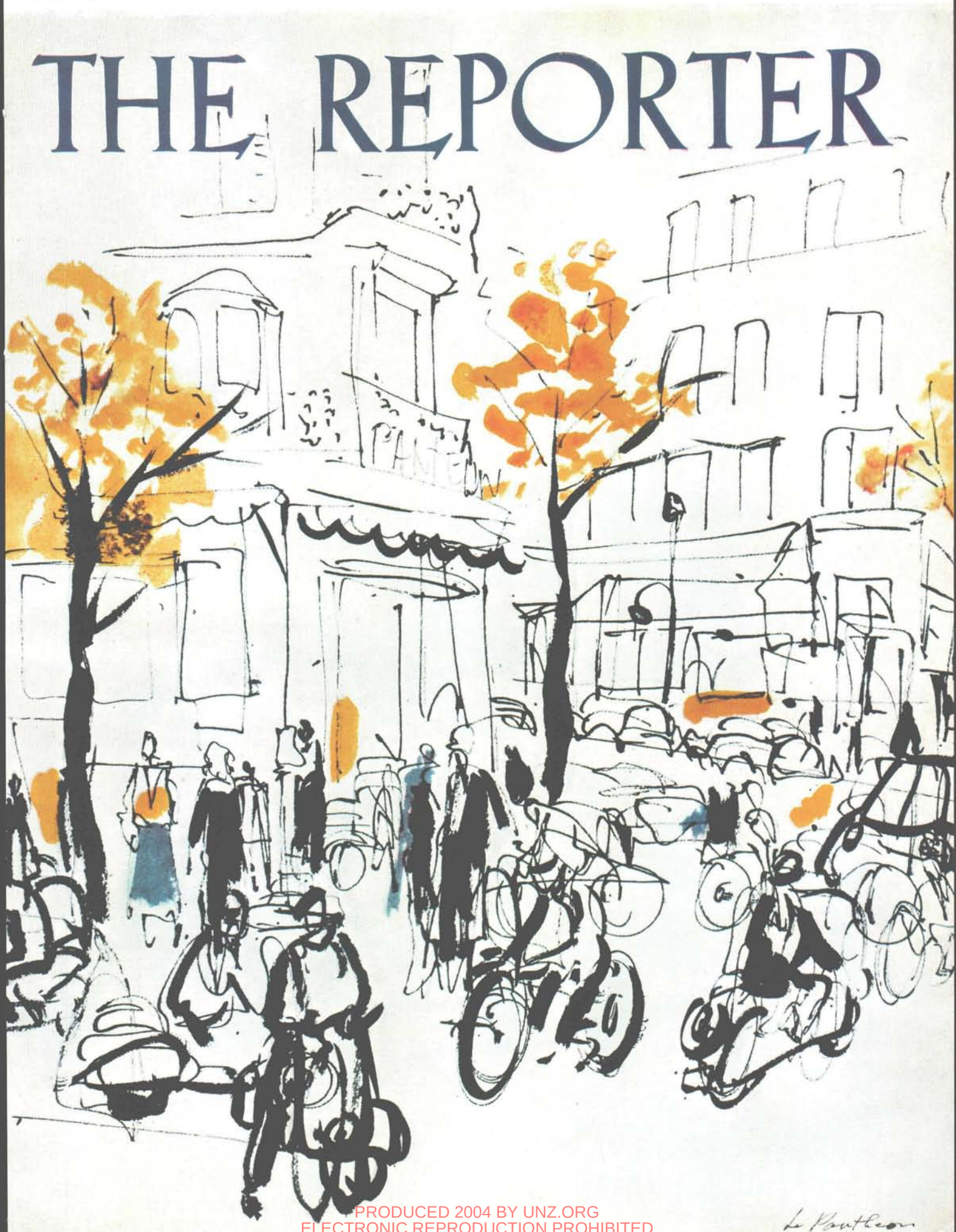
THE PLIGHT OF FRANCE

June 12, 1958 25¢

Who Owns Outer Space? (page 17)

THE REPORTER



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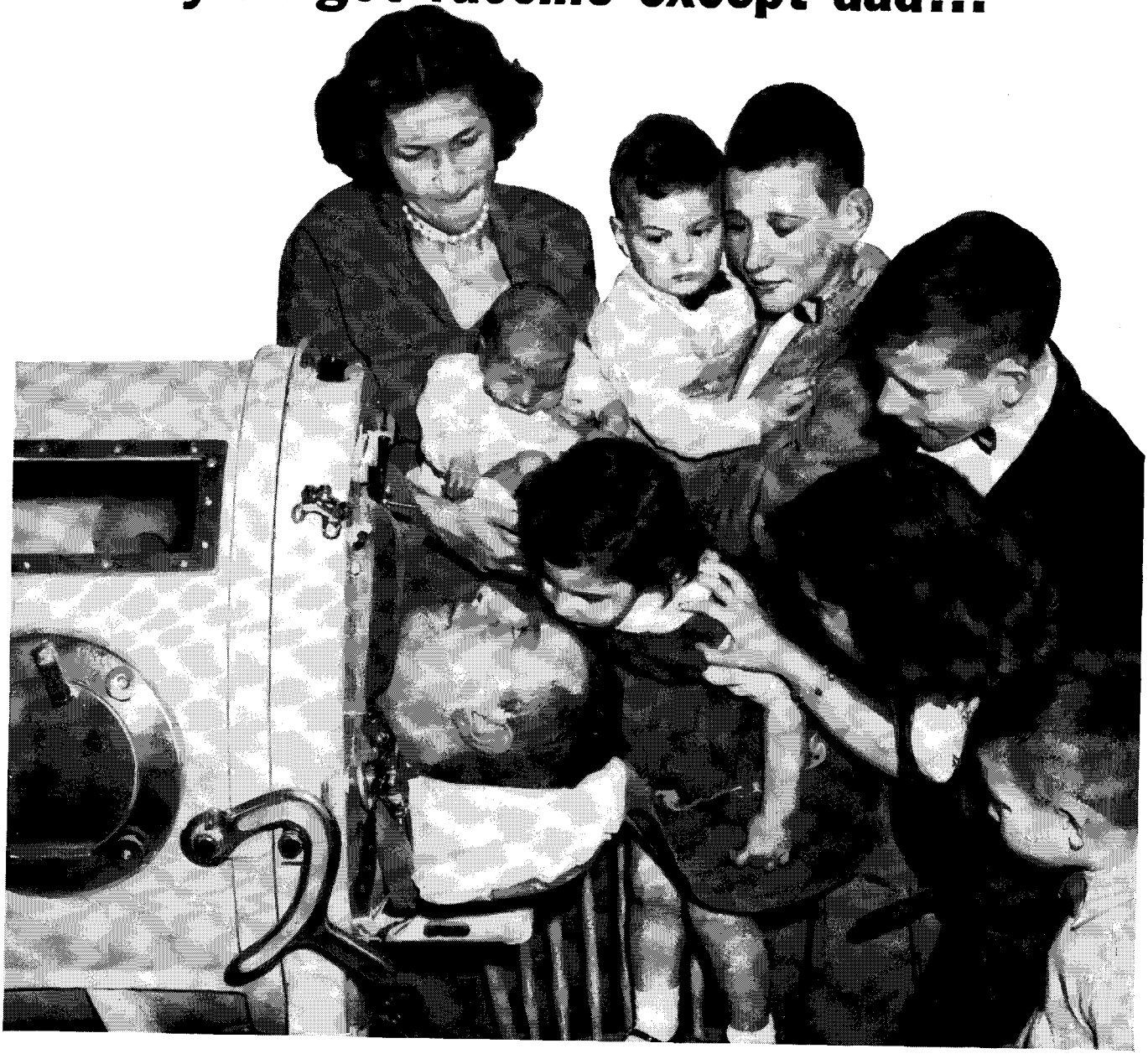
they all got vaccine except dad...



This actually happened to the man in the iron lung... James Wood, 36, of Charlotte, Mich. He was the only member of his family not vaccinated against polio and the only one to come down with the disease. Wood and his wife both planned to be vaccinated. One night last April they were about to go out for their Salk shots when friends dropped in and the trip was postponed. Later, an extra-money night job kept Wood from going to a vaccine clinic with his wife.

The children, of course, had been vaccinated. Robert, 13, Norman, 11, Nancy, 10, James, 6, and Sarah Jane, 3, had all three shots; Edgar, 2, had two. Baby John was born after dad was stricken. "Jim just didn't get to it," Mrs. Wood says of the ill fortune that befell her husband. "Now, the only good will be if what happened to us helps somebody else."

don't take a chance...take your polio shots!

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS 301 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Sobering Example

The following report on the Italian elections has been cabled from Rome by our Mediterranean correspondent, Claire Sterling.

As a result of the May 25 elections, the Christian Democrats, who have dominated the Italian political scene for the last ten years, will continue to do so for at least another five. The party's 42.2 per cent plurality (as against 40 per cent in 1953) is far short of the absolute majority its leaders had hoped for. But they can form any one of several coalitions that will permit them to govern without having to rely on either extreme Left or Right.

This means, of course, that Italy's incoming parliament will be pretty much like the outgoing one. Yet there are differences worth noting. For one thing, the monarchist-fascist bloc has all but disappeared and its most flamboyant personality, millionaire shipowner Achille Lauro, was not even able—for all his prodigal distribution of thousand-lira notes, *pasta*, and shoes—to buy his own election. It is also interesting that, among the smaller democratic parties, the conservative Liberal Party, with practically unlimited funds from Italian industrialists, won only sixteen seats, while the Democratic Socialist Party, with no money to speak of, got twenty-three—thereby providing a moral as well as mathematical argument for the Christian Democrats to include the latter in a coalition cabinet.

Most important, however, is the fact that the political blur of former years is gone and that lines are now clearly drawn between two major formations: the Christian Democrats with 12.5 million votes and the Communist-Socialist bloc with 10.9 million.

From the western viewpoint, this makes for an almost luxurious situation when compared to that of France. But it isn't an entirely safe one for a country where missile bases are to be established within the year, and it is not very comfortable for a party that, despite its vote-getting powers, is split by dissension and remains essentially leaderless. Most impartial observers would agree that the man who won the Christian Democrats' campaign for them was the late Alcide De Gasperi, the great Catholic statesman who pulled his country up from the ruins of fascism and war.

Even the magic of his memory and his name might not have been enough if it had not been for the crisis in France. It was generally expected that the parties which stand for democracy would lose heavily in the elections. But the Italians cannot fail to be intimately affected by French affairs. The picture of a once great democracy lying prostrate because no party was sufficiently strong to govern it was frightening enough to change thousands—perhaps millions—of Italian votes.

MODERN CHANTEY, OR THE SOFT BERTH

"Rise in Neurotic Seamen Called Challenge to Merchant Marine"
—New York Times

Two years before the mast
And one on the couch, my lad;
It's the bounding main and the whistle's blast
That drives a seaman mad.

Heave ho and away we go,
Ready to blow the stack;
Up in the fo'c'sle folks'll know
One of 'em's going to crack.

One of 'em's going to crack, poor soul!
For lonely is the sea,
With the wrong kind of rock and roll
And fathoms without TV.

Two years before the mast,
And one on the couch, my boy;
You'll never last on the briny vast
So nuts to the ship ahoy!

—SEC

'Positive Thinking'

The White House has obviously given the Democratic leaders of Congress a peek at one of its many crystal balls, the one which reveals that the recession is already receding. A trio of redoubtable Texans—Speaker Rayburn, Senate Majority Leader Johnson, and Secretary of the Treasury Anderson—are in harmonious agreement that the time for inaction is now.

The largest and most lavish administration-blessed effort to put the recession to rout once and for all without actually doing very much about it came in the third week of May, when the American Management Association mounted a grandiose Economic Mobilization Conference at the Hotel Sheraton-Astor in New York. Some two thousand corporation executives signed up to hear their colleagues describe the

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self-help methods by which their companies have been fighting gloom and doom. The administration was delighted. "We asked for Nixon, or just possibly Eisenhower, as a banquet speaker," one A.M.A. official remarked. "We got both—plus the Secretary of Commerce." Dr. Norman Vincent Peale pronounced the invocation.

In what had been billed as "a major economic address," the President declared: "Emphatically, our economy is not the Federal Reserve System, or the Treasury, or the Congress, or the White House. This nation of 43 million families . . . that is our economy."

In short, the President passed the ball to our old friend supply and demand and reaffirmed his familiar conviction that if business leaders will only offer attractive products at attractive prices, "America is going to grow—and grow and grow."

THIS IS ALL very cheerful news, but somehow we are not entirely convinced that the economy's present pains are nothing but growing pains. We are even less convinced that the administration, by flatly opposing a reduction even in excise taxes, has not committed the same error it ascribes, in a soft voice of course, to business and labor: keeping prices up at the risk of keeping volume down.

In his address to the A.M.A. conference, the President reminded his audience that "A price policy designed to bring increasing volume should be nothing short of an article of faith for every businessman."

By refusing to make a contribution that could, for example, have resulted in lowering automobile prices anywhere from one to two hundred dollars, the administration would seem to be cherishing the same philosophy it urges business to abandon: hang onto income and never mind the volume.

There is bipartisan support for this philosophy. In fact, the only concrete measure affecting prices that has recently been enacted by the Democratic Congress and approved by the Republican administration is to raise the price of mailing a letter.

Sauce for the Goose

The voters of Minnesota must be relieved to learn that both their senators and four of their representatives have been investigated and found loyal to the United States. When a man has been helping to write the country's laws for eighteen years, as has Representative Joseph O'Hara, or when he has represented us in the United Nations and been a serious contender for his party's Vice-Presidential nomination, as has Senator Humphrey, it is heartening to learn that he is not a security risk and can safely be allowed to return to his home state as an honorary delegate to an anniversary session of the World Health Organization.

Some of the Minnesota statesmen are reported to have been indignant when teams of investigators from the FBI set out to interview them and questioned their neighbors concerning the legislators' morals, habits, associations, and political views. Senator Humphrey refused to be questioned at all, and Representative O'Hara asked the agent who came to question him, "How silly can we be about this? What's going on?"

We don't quite see why the gentlemen should get so excited over such a routine procedure. After all, it was Congress that passed the law under which delegates to such international gatherings must have their loyalty checked. And who is to say that Congress ever passes a silly law?

ELMER DAVIS, 1890 - 1958

ERIC SEVAREID

I should like to say a few words about Elmer Davis, as one who worked with him and competed against him and learned much from him in both relationships. He was a member of that precious and restricted fraternity, the men of the tough mind and the tender heart. That heart has now given out, and the mind is now lost to his generation of Americans, save for its legacy—the memory of the dry Middle Western twang and his printed words of common sense.

Much is being said about Elmer now that he is dead. Much was said about him when he was alive, but not enough. It was my privilege, once, to embarrass him considerably with a few spoken lines at a public dinner, after he was first impaired physically, though not mentally, by a stroke. Elmer never changed, so the words require no change:

Elmer Davis is the whole man, the complete American. There is in the mind and spirit of this man a rare synthesis of the eternal and the contemporary. He was a boy in Indiana; and he was a scholar of the classics. And there is, therefore, in his precise and natural speech an effortless integration; an instinctive awareness of the tragedy of life, of the bleak glory of man's ancient pilgrimage, and yet through it all the warm and eager hope of the American dream.

Elmer never tried to describe himself, to my knowledge. But there was a nineteenth-century commentator, William Hazlitt, who put down his own credo, once, and it might have come from the typewriter of Elmer Davis. Hazlitt said:

"I am no politician and still less can I be said to be a party man; but I have a hatred of tyranny and a contempt for its tools; and this feeling I have expressed as often and as strongly as I could. I cannot sit quietly down under the claims of barefaced power, and I have tried to expose the little arts of sophistry by which they are defended.

"I have no mind to have my person made a property of, nor my understanding made a dupe of. I deny that liberty and slavery are convertible terms, that right and wrong, truth and falsehood, plenty and famine, the comforts of wretchedness of a people are matters of perfect indifference.

"That is all I know of the matter, but on these points I am likely to remain incorrigible, in spite of any arguments that I have seen used to the contrary. It needs no sagacity to discover that two and two make four; but to persist in maintaining this obvious position, if all the fashion, authority, hypocrisy, and venality of mankind were arrayed against it, would require a considerable effort of personal courage and would soon leave a man in a very formidable minority."

Elmer Davis was often in a minority, but at all times was formidable, which is usually the way with common sense.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE PENTAGON AND PR

To the Editor: I believe that Edward L. Katzenbach's very stimulating article, "The Pentagon's Reorganization Muddle" (*The Reporter*, May 15), should be read by all who are interested in this very complex and vital problem.

CARL VINSON, Chairman,
Committee on Armed Services
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: I have read with great interest Mr. Katzenbach's piece and William S. Fairfield's "PR for the Services—in Uniform and in Mufti" (*The Reporter*, May 15).

In these important issues an understanding of all the factors involved is essential in providing proper, analytical coverage.

It is gratifying to note that the importance of these issues is recognized by your editors and that they are objectively and impartially presenting all points of view.

ARLEIGH BURKE
Chief of Naval Operations
Washington

To the Editor: I found both Mr. Katzenbach's article on the Pentagon's reorganization muddle and Mr. Fairfield's article on Armed Forces PR most interesting, and although I have many points of disagreement with Mr. Katzenbach's analysis, I think that all informed comments on this particular subject are useful. As usual I believe *The Reporter* has made a contribution to the thinking on the subject, although I apparently attach much more importance to the acceptance of the plan and the good that may come out of it than does Mr. Katzenbach.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER
Executive Vice President
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Mr. Katzenbach goes to the heart of the matter: "The real problem lies not in getting more authority for the Secretary [of Defense] but in getting one who knows enough about his job to use intelligently the powers he already has."

No one would dream of selecting the head of the Public Health Service or of the Justice Department on the basis of success in the business world. Yet we do just that in selecting the Secretary of Defense. There is a good reason for this, however. The Founding Fathers had seen more than enough of military dictatorship and specified that control of the military should remain in the hands of civilians.

There is a serious question, however, as to whether present procedures can be successful in keeping control of the military in civilian hands. It has been said that administration of even one military service is physically larger and more complex than that of half a dozen of the country's largest industries combined. Merely to have some understanding and ability to evaluate the "hardware" a service uses takes longer than the average Secretary's term of duty.

So the fact might as well be faced that there is no possibility of getting a Secretary of Defense "who knows enough about his job to use intelligently the powers he already has." And with the ever increasing complexity of equipment and procedures and the tendency to centralize rather than decentralize responsibility, the situation is getting worse, not better.

Under these conditions what can any Secretary do except lean heavily on the advice of his chief adviser? This explains why so many people strongly believe that the Joint Chiefs of Staff system presents the only possibility of cumulative wisdom and of consideration of all points of view in formulating military and national policies.

ADMIRAL J. W. REEVES, JR.
U. S. Navy (Ret'd)
Warrington, Florida

MORE ON MURA

To the Editor: I think D. H. Radler's "Why We Aren't Building the World's Biggest Bevatron" (*The Reporter*, April 17) will serve a useful purpose because the Midwestern Universities Research Organization as a matter of principle does not itself publicize its problems. Although the technical work with which I was associated at MURA has been extremely exciting, there are a couple of important aspects of the MURA organization that have tremendous significance and that are nevertheless of far greater long-range importance than the immediate technical advances. These more hidden aspects are, first, that an organization was created to which scientific people from universities anywhere in the country, from laboratories anywhere in the country, and from foreign countries could come and find themselves in a situation where they could rapidly exchange ideas with both theoretical and experimental physicists who are experts in the high-energy field. The result of physicists' operating in this type of environment is one of the best examples I have ever seen of the fruits of "communication between scientists."

A second aspect of MURA that is important for the United States is that MURA is a spontaneous development originating within the scientific community of the Midwest, and it has had such inspiring backing from the universities which are members of the corporation that any institution created by MURA and supported by the Federal government would provide a wealth of scientific and administrative competence far above that usually found in government contractors. The MURA organization has been patterned after the Brookhaven National Laboratory, which is an exemplary organization, but participation of the universities in the MURA organization is more thorough and responsible than the participation involved in Brookhaven. If the Federal government ever wanted to support a scientific organization in the high-energy field, it could not find a more powerful and responsible group of workers than those represented by the MURA organization.

DONALD W. KERST
San Diego

GOOD GUYS, BAD GUYS

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's article on "Good Guys, Bad Guys and Congressman Walter" in *The Reporter*, May 15, was extremely enlightening in its clever and lucid exposure of the way our power structure affects one of our largest mass media, movies. Although Congressman Walter's means were not what some would hope for, the end, Carl Foreman's right to write, was maintained.

PATRICIA GALLAGHER
Berkeley, California

THE WAY TO ALDERMASTON

To the Editor: John Rosselli's account of "The March to Aldermaston" (*The Reporter*, May 15) has some rather humorous things to say about the four-day march of three thousand-odd Britons in protest against H-bombs. It was "shot through with vaudeville"; there were picnic lunches and tea. Clearly, the majority of the participants, if not outright crackpots, were at least of the lunatic fringe; the novelty seekers, the professional malcontents with "outsize chips on their shoulders." At best, Mr. Rosselli finds some words of condescending understanding for the "Quakers and other pacifists" who at least seemed to take the march seriously.

Individual impressions related by Mr. Rosselli may be valid; but in giving the whole affair a slightly ridiculous twist, he is, it seems to me, selling short the real significance of the event: namely, concerted protest by a group of citizens who are profoundly disturbed by certain policies of their government.

My point is not the relative merits of the various attitudes towards the H-bomb issue but the attitude towards the marchers themselves. Whether one agrees or disagrees with their basic stand, one must respect them for having the courage of their convictions. It is easy to ridicule and criticize from the safe vantage point of majority opinion; it is a great deal harder, and more admirable, to expose oneself to ridicule and criticism on behalf of one's principles.

GERHARD W. LEO
Menlo Park, California

A WORD FOR IT

To the Editor: I was intrigued by *The Reporter's* Note "The Bother-in-Law" (April 3). Indeed, the English language is very poor in its vocabulary of personal and social relationships as compared with the Asiatic languages. The Indian languages have specific terms to denote the degree of relationship which the English terms cannot adequately express. In Bengali, President Eisenhower's wife's sister's husband would have been described as the President's "*Bhaera*," and everyone would have understood the exact relationship in which the President stood to the gentleman.

SUBHASH CHANDRA SARKER
Calcutta, India

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DEMETRA and the headless doll

A little doll, wilted and headless, is a thing of wonder to Demetra. It is the only toy she's ever owned. Demetra's doll is a symbol, a symbol of the bitter poverty which grips Greece—torn and shattered by war and earthquake.

The only "home" Demetra has ever known is a large warehouse in Athens partitioned with ropes and rags to make "rooms" for many refugee families. Demetra's father cannot find employment in poverty-stricken Greece; her mother has even sold her own winter jacket to buy milk for her baby. Demetra's parents pray that someone, somewhere, will help them care for their little daughter.

HOW YOU CAN HELP DEMETRA

YOU can help Demetra or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship plan of Save The Children Federation. For $60 a year, just $5 a month, SCF will send "your" baby, food, clothing, warm bedding and many other essential items—in your name, in Greece, Finland, France, Western Germany or Korea. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with the family to add understanding and warm friendship to your generous gift. The cost of an SCF Baby Sponsorship is so small — the good is so great.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS NOT YET possible to know or even guess how the plight of France will end. We can only repeat our prayers that it *will* end and that our oldest ally will somehow recover her health, her safety, her freedom—and, yes, her grandeur. But it is possible to begin to unravel how the recent crisis developed. **Hal Lehrman,** whose article "North Africa and the West" in our last issue described a new mood of moderation among North Africa's Moslem leaders, arrived in Algiers just one day before the explosion of May 13. He has cabled a detailed account of how that explosion was prepared and then detonated. . . . In an article in our issue of April 17, **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European correspondent, summed up the prophecies, hopes, and fears surrounding "The Shadow of Charles de Gaulle." Now he discusses some of the traits in the French character which turned that shadow into reality.

THE ABILITY to retaliate against any potential Pearl Harbor attack on our cities and military bases is an important element in U.S. defense planning. But if our missile-launching sites can be wiped out by a surprise long-range missile attack and our bombers can be knocked out of the sky by ground-to-air interceptor missiles before they reach their targets, how confidently can we depend upon our ability to retaliate? **William H. Hessler,** a member of the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* reports on a new retaliatory weapon being developed by the Navy that seems to be practically invulnerable. . . . The thin air through which men may send either missiles to destroy each other or space craft to explore the cosmos is now like those regions of the earth that were marked *terra incognita* on sixteenth-century maps —uncharted and unclaimed by flag-bearing conquistadors. What is to be done when the explorers arrive and make their claims? Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** describes and analyzes some of the legal theories that are now being propounded about the ownership of outer space. . . . **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, finds that the people of the new nation of Sudan have already made astonishing progress in learning how to govern themselves and that what they now need most of all is to be left alone by their aggressive neighbor to the north. . . . Freedom always brings new and sometimes unexpected responsibilities. Now that they have freed themselves of Perón, the people of Argentina are discovering that they cannot blame all their troubles on the ousted dictator. **Gladys Delmas** is an American writer now living in Argentina.

Marya Mannes frequently reviews plays in these pages, but this time she has chosen to comment on both a play and the newly renovated theater in which it was shown. She argues that the physical surroundings in which an audience sees a play often constitute an important part of the performance—and therefore should be given the same careful planning by trained theater experts as that which goes into scenic design. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** co-author of *The Jazz Makers* (Rinehart), writes frequently for *The Reporter* on music. . . . **Richard P. Goldman,** a recent graduate of Yale, gathered the material for his article on a radio script-writing assignment in Cleveland. . . . **Marcus Cunliffe's** book *George Washington: Man and Monument* has recently been published by Little, Brown. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith's** latest book is *The Affluent Society* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Theodore Draper** wrote *The Roots of American Communism* (Viking). . . . **Otto Friedrich** is a free-lance writer and magazine editor in New York. . . . **Walter Z. Laqueur,** who is on the staff of both the Russian Research Center and the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Harvard, is the author of *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East* (Praeger). . . . **Virginia P. Held** is a member of our staff.

Our cover is by **Tack Shigaki.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE QUESTION

BY HENRI ALLEG

INTRODUCTION BY

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

This book from Algeria has been banned in France. Despite the ban—the first such action since the 18th century—over 160,000 copies have been sold in France alone, and it is being translated throughout the world. **The Question** is a terrifying book—a cry from the torture chambers of Algiers. Its importance extends far beyond Algeria and France. Senseless atrocity and violence are part of today's system of living. Here is one man's response. An extraordinarily moving *human document—a triumph of the human spirit.* $2.95

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How the Explosion Was Set Off in Algeria

HAL LEHRMAN

ALGIERS

I arrived here from Morocco one day before Algeria exploded on May 13. Since then I have seen nearly everything that has occurred on the surface and some of what lay beneath, although large areas are still obscure. I have also received liberal—and I believe accurate—confidences from many high sources. But this account must necessarily be episodic, omitting much that has been generally reported and much that cannot yet be told.

THOSE WHO PLANNED and executed the May 13 uprising in Algeria operated mainly from three locations. One of these was a dressmaking school on the fifth floor of 50 Rue d'Isly, one of Algiers' busiest streets, situated just below the Gouvernement Général—the name that still clings to the huge Ministry of Algeria Building—which was to be the first target. Another was the Moorish villa Dar el Alaou ("House on the Hill") in the El Biar suburb of Algiers. The third, located just a short walk from the villa, was a compound called Antenne Avancée de la Défense Nationale, which was the Paris defense ministry's intelligence and communications liaison with all French troops in North Africa.

Some day a plaque may be put up on Dar el Alaou designating it as a national monument. Since March, its chic blonde chatelaine, Madame Simone Nouvion, wife of a rich *colon*, has been serving as hostess, cook, and sewer-on of buttons for battalions of assorted, ever-changing guests. She has survived a number of varied tavern-keeping crises: when three-hundred-pound Deputy Raymond Dronne (who had been the first French tankman to enter liberated Paris in 1944) arrived hastily from France without pajamas, Madame offered him a roomy lace *chemise de nuit* that she had worn before the birth of her son, now twenty-one.

Most of the guests had business in the nearby Antenne Avancée, where direct telephone wires were available to the minister of defense in Paris and a signal network to all command areas. Aides from the office of the defense minister were constantly arriving for quick briefing sessions before flying back to Paris. One of them, a M. Ribaud,

de Gaulle

became almost a permanent fixture at the Antenne Avancée; he was in effect the communications center of the plot.

Another frequent visitor was Léon Delbecque, assistant mayor of Tourcoing, a textile center in northern France, and secretary-general of the big Motte textile company. Delbecque had a distinguished record in the wartime Resistance, and also spent a six months' stint in 1956 as a volunteer reserve officer fighting the Algerian *Fellagha*. Delbecque's employer, Eugène Motte, had recommended him to his friend Defense Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas as an experienced underground operative and a devoted patriot with a fiery determination to do everything he could to keep Algeria French. Chaban-Delmas (who was placed under house arrest after the Algerian uprising and is still under close surveillance) gave Delbecque defense ministry credentials and added him to his personal staff as chargé de mission, thereby providing him with important facilities. The fact is that Delbecque, thirty-nine, tall, handsome, and monumentally energetic, became the chief executive officer of the secret organization that staged the May 13 uprising.

CHARLES DE GAULLE apparently became the patron saint of the revolt against the central government of Paris at a very early stage—although his name was not publicly offered to the Algerian populace until Sunday, April 11, when an editorial in the *Echo d'Alger*, the city's largest daily, suddenly announced that he was the nation's only possible savior.

De Gaulle had never been particularly beloved by Algerian politicians or even by the mass of European settlers. For them he had always been "the man from Brazzaville," where he had issued a wartime manifesto proclaiming the ultimate equality of all races in the future French African empire. Even worse, it was de Gaulle who in 1944 gave Algerian Moslems full rights of French citizenship with equal

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access to all military and civilian posts and even—in principle—the right to vote. If this ordinance had been implemented, it might have forestalled the Moslem drive for independence.

But the tall general does stand, symbolically and explicitly, for strong central authority, and this is precisely what the Frenchmen from the mainland who have been masterminding the Algerian "renaissance" wanted. They were soon convinced that it was what Frenchmen in Algeria wanted, too. If Algeria was to be saved, it was felt that the most effective way to save it was by attacking the alleged root of all evil: debility and paralysis in the capital. Long ago de Gaulle had turned his back contemptuously on the parliamentary "system." It was easy enough, then, to transform him into a father image who alone could be trusted to regulate all problems with firmness and wisdom.

Recruiting the Shock Troops

The planners of the movement had an ideology, but they needed shock troops to carry its banners. A group in Paris like the one in Algiers had been recruiting important political personalities and doing missionary work throughout the army, navy, and air force—from the rank of colonel downward, leaving most of the generals in the dark. Even more necessary than shock troops, however, were "spontaneous" demonstrations in the streets of Algiers against the policy of "abandonment" that had already lost Indo-China, Tunisia, and Morocco.

The chief of this operation was Jean l'Hostis, an Algiers importer of construction materials and a representative of Allis-Chalmers and other American firms. He had been awarded the medal of honor with silver palms for his help in the November, 1942, landing on the Algerian coast.

L'Hostis needed cover to justify his political comings and goings. This was arranged by making him a local chief of the Social Republican Party—which is vigorous in France but until then had no membership in Algiers—thus giving him official status. The next step was to organize an over-all *comité de vigilance*.

L'Hostis began by recruiting the leaders of seventeen united veterans' groups and some sixty other independent *anciens combattants* outfits. Most of the half-dozen local political parties were also willing to co-operate. There remained a whole string of assorted organizations, including university professors, students, former parachutists, and victims of *Fellagha* terrorists. They all joined.

Soustelle

THE FIRST TEST for the vigilance committee came with the fall of the Gaillard government on April 15. The veterans, fearing that any successor government would be likely to sell out French Algeria, wanted to hold a demonstration on April 18 as a warning. But the committee leaders argued that it was too soon, and the demonstration was postponed until April 28. The office of the resident minister for Algeria, Socialist Robert Lacoste, thereupon banned it. But the movement had already so infiltrated the administration that Delbecque, conferring with Lacoste's own subordinate, Serge Barrat, was able in effect to reverse the decision. He demanded and received pledges that most of the national gendarmerie would be confined to barracks, that no tear gas would be used, and that the marchers would not be fired on.

The parade went off as planned, impressive and disciplined. During the march there was an eerie silence, but at the end the great crowd was exhorted over loudspeakers to raise their hands and swear that Algeria would remain forever French. "*Nous le jurons!*" they thundered.

Once the apparatus of revolt had been set up, all that was needed was a signal—and a suitable occasion to set it in motion. It was now the fourth week France had been without a government, and Pierre Pflimlin was being invited to try his luck at forming one. The occasion for action seemed to be at hand. As an economist and financier, Pflimlin was not exactly a specialist in either foreign policy or North African affairs, and on the sensitive Algerian problem he had made some imprudent declarations—all of them susceptible of alarming interpretation, if alarm was convenient.

The press of Algiers unanimously found it convenient. Pflimlin, the headlines said, was talking of a cease-fire against the F.L.N.—and "negotiations." Just like Indo-China! Another "abandonment"! Pflimlin must not take office!

On Friday, May 9, Delbecque, who had once again been to Paris, flew in from France and went directly to see Lacoste, who had always advocated a firm policy against the F.L.N. Now he was packing up to go to France—to see which way the political wind was blowing.

The Wooing of Robert Lacoste

Delbecque asked Lacoste to stay. He had letters in his pocket from high personages in Paris to give Lacoste if the minister would take a clear position against the parliamentary "system." Their conversation reportedly lasted nearly two hours. Delbecque pleaded with Lacoste to accept leadership of the movement. He implied that a plan had been set up for a zero hour. If the populace of Algiers rose in a massive demonstration around the Gouvernement Général, would Lacoste receive a delegation and grant its request to form an emergency committee for public safety, which would hold out against any government of "abandonment" in Paris? The minister shook his head. He was too old, he said, to break with his party, but he would go to Paris as he had promised. He would try there "to make some people change their minds."

LACOSTE'S REFUSAL was a setback. As minister for Algeria he could have provided an appearance of

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legality for the movement. Delbecque thought he had shaken Lacoste's resolve somewhat, and asked others to try again. That afternoon the spokesmen of seventeen leading patriotic groups and political parties descended on the minister.

Jean l'Hostis gravely introduced each visitor, emphasizing the scope and importance of the group he represented. In effect, Lacoste was asked to choose between Socialism and France. The "system" must make way for a government of public safety. (Speeches haranguing the April 28 marchers had called for a government of *national* safety; *public* safety—"*salut public*"—was infinitely more sinister, reminiscent of tumbrils and guillotines.) You, Lacoste was notified, are one of the patriots who should stand ready to take the helm. Lacoste had tears in his eyes, but again he pleaded the impossibility of cutting his party ties after so many years.

But he did not definitely say "No." He recommended that vigilance committees be established throughout Algeria. If Algiers rose alone, Paris would scoff and dismiss it as an outbreak of "colonialists and ultras." But if there were mass protests throughout all of Algeria, "Even I would go into the streets," Lacoste is reported to have promised.

Then the callers tried another gambit. If President René Coty could somehow be persuaded to reject Pflimlin and all other potential premiers like him, it would obviate the need for action in the streets of Algiers and the vigilantes could save their powder for stormier days. The visitors laid on Lacoste's desk the text of a telegram urging Coty to proclaim a government of public safety and asked Lacoste to sign it. But the minister drew back cautiously. He promised instead that he himself would take the text to Coty with his own recommendation.

The Substitute: Soustelle

Meanwhile, Delbecque was working on army leaders here with better results. He invited General Paul Allard, commander of the army corps in Algeria, to get authorization from his commander in chief, General Raoul Salan, to wire a warning to Coty that the military could not be counted on to restrain public wrath if a government of "abandonment" were set up. Generals Salan, Allard, Edmond Jouhaud, and Léon Dulac and Admiral Philippe-Marie Auboyneau gingerly considered the proposition for two hours and then sent a telegram to this effect to their commanding officer in Paris, Chief

Massu

of Staff General Paul Ely (who soon afterward resigned in an implied protest against Pflimlin). Ely forwarded the officers' message to President Coty, tacking on an even stronger one of his own.

On Saturday, May 10, Delbecque flew back to Paris to report to his principals concerning Lacoste's unavailability. According to one of my informants, among those principals was Jacques Soustelle, the most prominent of de Gaulle's parliamentary horsemen—the others being Popular Republican Georges Bidault, Radical Socialist André Morice, and Independent Republican Roger Duchet. As a former governor general of Algeria, Soustelle could substitute in a pinch for Lacoste as at least a symbolic legal link between the mainland and a quasi-rebellious Algeria—if he could get there.

In Algiers, "psychological preparation" continued with the assistance of both friends and foes of the movement. Alain de Sérigny, wealthy publisher of the *Echo d'Alger*, in a front-page editorial for Sunday's edition again proclaimed that de Gaulle was Algeria's only possible deliverer, and thousands of pictures of the general—brought in from France by the vigilance committee a fortnight earlier—blossomed forth on every wall. Lacoste, now back in France, made a speech declaring that an Algerian sellout was being prepared, a diplomatic Dienbienphu. The F.L.N. contributed its mite by announcing the execution of three French soldiers who had been captured near the Tunisian border some months ago.

In Paris, Pflimlin was stolidly continuing his efforts to scrape a cabinet together—with every likelihood of success. From the movement's center in the French capital, a coded message flashed to Algiers that "the train should pull out of the station on Tuesday." In other words, May 13.

LACOSTE'S normally painstaking censors in Algiers seemed asleep. On Monday morning newspapers carried the following banner announcements for Tuesday: HALF-DAY GENERAL STRIKE COMMENCING ONE P.M.; MASS RALLY THREE P.M. ON THE PLATEAU DES GLIERES [at the foot of the hill dominated by the Gouvernement Général]; CEREMONIES SIX P.M. AT THE WAR MEMORIAL [halfway up the hill]. A strike and rally were to be organized against Pflimlin; a wreath-laying ceremony was to be held at the Monument aux Morts for the three "martyr" soldiers. By this time even Paris knew that big trouble was brewing. Caretaker Premier Gaillard telephoned Prefect Barrat and General Salan to ask why such things were being permitted. They replied, in effect, "That's just the way things are, M. le Président." Gaillard suggested that the strike rally be banned—but he did not order it, since he had resigned a month earlier and was merely waiting for the next man to take over.

On the evening of Monday, May 12, the ministry's chief press officer bestirred himself and indignantly banned an even bigger and louder notice of the strike and rally that the vigilantes had prepared for Tuesday's papers. The committee was preparing to counter this move by running a huge white space along with an announcement of the censors' intervention, when Prefect Barrat—perhaps unwittingly, though that seems doubtful—came to the rescue. When the committee officially notified him of the program, he courteously suggested that the rally be postponed from three to five P.M. so that the crowds wouldn't have so

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long to wait before the wreath-laying ceremony. This gave the committee a valid reason to shout down the censors and get prominent articles back into the papers about the postponement—and the rally.

The Fire Gets Out of Control

The visible events of Tuesday, May 13, when the Gouvernement Général fell to the mob and the Comité de Salut Public (C.S.P.) was born, have been fully reported elsewhere. Ironically, it was not planned quite the way it happened. The general-strike rally and the war-memorial ceremonies went off as if the program had been rehearsed. The mammoth crowd, even larger than the ones that turned out to welcome the Allied liberators in 1942—or de Gaulle in 1943—sincerely believed that it was simply participating in a patriotic demonstration, but in effect it was doing what it was told. Even its size was a tribute to backstage management—sound trucks, youngsters on roaring scooters waving tricolors, fleets of flag-draped automobiles honking a rhythmic three short, two long beats for *"Algérie française,"* leaflets ready for nearly every eventuality, and cheer leaders located at strategic points to encourage the crowd to shout the prescribed slogans. The command post at the Antenne Avancée had set up direct phone lines to a crow's nest in a private apartment opposite the ministry and to a loudspeaker team that was commanded by Reserve Lieutenant Julien Neuwirth, now the C.S.P. press chief. Neuwirth's team was installed in the office of the army newspaper *Le Bled,* which overlooked the rally scene.

But the vigilantes had never intended that the ministry should be stormed and taken over. At the right moment, a delegation was supposed to go through the tunnel leading from the 10th Regional Army Headquarters in the Rue d'Isly up into the bowels of the ministry, march with an escort of paratroopers and uniformed civilian reservists into the office of Pierre Maisonneuve—the absent Lacoste's chief deputy—and demand Maisonneuve's legal approval for the installation of preselected C.S.P. members in his own office.

It didn't happen that way. Someone—it is not known who—threw a tear-gas bomb during the war-memorial solemnities. A zealous colonel in charge of army propaganda disconnected the loudspeakers that might have dissuaded the enraged crowd from battering down the ministry's gates. Army sentries, who had not been informed of the plan, refused to let the vigilance-committee delegates use the tunnel, obliging them to elbow their way through the mob—and arrive too late.

THE FIRST WAVE that broke into the building was a rowdy gang of youngsters having the time of their lives. They smashed furniture, tore up documents, started fires. (This was the only violence in the entire country-wide upheaval that followed—except for an incident in Oran, where a pugnacious prefect who offered resistance was shoved through a window and slightly hurt.) The second wave was the one that should have come first—young men wearing tricolor brassards who purposefully rushed upstairs to the communications room to save the precious Telex network connecting Algiers with the outside world, then raced

Salan

down again to help clear the corridors and occupy the nearby control room of Radio Algérie. But meanwhile, in Maisonneuve's office, pandemonium was producing a C.S.P. that was thrown together from the few members of the original delegation who happened to get there, plus whoever was making the most noise. Most important of all, its leader probably would not have been Brigadier General Jacques Massu, the hero of the 1957 clean-up of the Algiers F.L.N. terrorist ring. He later admitted that he had accepted the position because an unidentified bespectacled teen-age rioter at his elbow loudly insisted that he should.

Softening Up Salan

Soldiers obey their superiors, and Massu's superior was Salan. From Paris, Pflimlin, whose government was ratified in parliament that night, invested Salan with supreme military and civil powers in Algeria. This put Salan and his staff in an extraordinary dilemma. For several days thereafter the top army command talked as if the committee's only objective was the maintenance of law and order.

An even more extraordinary quandary was created for Massu's civilian colleagues among the original organizers of the rising, who could never be sure during this period that Salan would not arrest them on orders from Paris at the next committee meeting. This was why they kept the Unité Territoriale Blindée (armored corps reservists upon whom they knew they could rely) in the corridors outside their offices in the ministry, and why they maintained crowds night and day on the huge esplanade forum outside the ministry windows as a constant reminder of the source of their ultimate power.

They soon discovered that Salan was extremely sensitive to these crowds. When he had been booed by them—thanks to committee agents interspersed around the forum—on the night of May 13, he had flinched noticeably. Then the signal had gone out to cheer him, and he had expanded measurably.

The neatest single operation in the campaign to soften up General Salan came on May 15 after de Gaulle's willingness to take power had been announced to the forum throng. When Salan emerged on the ministry's balcony to make some brief remarks, the crowd chanted *"Vive Salan!"* As he warmed up, they shouted *"Vive Salan!"* again. The general soared into a peroration, concluding *"Vive la France! Vive l'Algérie française!"* Delbecque, who was standing beside him, whispered *"Vive de Gaulle!"* And General Salan—who

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owed his extensive authority to a premier who would have to disappear before de Gaulle could take power—enthusiastically echoed, "*Vive de Gaulle!*"

Soustelle's Arrival

Delbecque stayed up the first forty-eight hours, then slept four hours, then stayed up forty-eight hours more, working all the time to keep his bloodless revolution on the tracks. He couldn't relax until that other master engineer, Jacques Soustelle, arrived on the scene.

Soustelle's presence in Algeria had been the second great objective of the plan—after the demonstration at the Gouvernement Général and the establishment of the C.S.P.—and his failure to appear was its second great mishap. If he had turned up during the night of May 13-14, before Salan had received supreme powers, the committee probably would have "bestowed" those powers on Soustelle; and Salan, because of Soustelle's great personal and popular prestige, would probably have been unable to object. But when the former governor-general of Algeria tried to board a military plane at eleven o'clock on the evening of May 13 at Villacoublay, all aircraft had already been grounded. He returned to Paris and went to the Gare des Invalides in quest of a place on a civilian plane. Soustelle attempted to disguise himself by pulling his hat down over his ears and discarding his eyeglasses, which he is usually never without, but he was quickly recognized by the police. He gave up for the time and drove his car from the Invalides to the National Assembly, which was still in session on the crisis in Algeria.

Soustelle finally eluded the police on Friday, May 16, by the most banal of escape tricks. The police were on watch outside the building where he lives, but it would have been too outrageous to stand guard in the courtyard just outside his ground-floor apartment. First, Madame Soustelle drove out with his and her luggage locked in the trunk. The police peered politely, saw that she was alone, and let her pass. Later, a laundry truck entered the courtyard. Soustelle lay down on the floor at the rear of the vehicle with a blanket tossed over him and made an absurdly easy getaway.

At a rendezvous point east of Paris, he joined his wife. Both entered a third car, headed along the highway toward Switzerland, and shifted to a fourth car with local license plates well before crossing the border. Madame Soustelle remained in Switzerland, while her husband took the first plane from Geneva to Algiers on Saturday morning, May 17.

Conversation at the Airport

But there was still another crisis ahead. Soustelle's friends sensed a fear in the corridors of the Gouvernement Général that his arrival might fortify the C.S.P. at the expense of the army. Shortly before the plane

was due to land at the Maison-Carrée outside Algiers, Delbecque tried to put out an announcement of Soustelle's arrival over Radio Algérie. The station director declined to pass it. Delbecque discovered that his trusted reservists, who had been guarding both the station and the ministry, had suddenly been ordered to return to barracks. He tore up their orders, told them to stay put, sent a demand to the military sections controlling the radio that they permit a broadcast announcement of Soustelle's arrival, and dispatched agents through the town to alert the population. Then he rushed to the airport, convinced that General Salan would try to turn the plane around and sent it back to Switzerland with Soustelle still inside.

Delbecque found Soustelle in the waiting room with several companions, awaiting Salan's arrival. "Don't under any circumstances leave Algerian soil," Delbecque implored. "Our friends will be converging on the airport soon. In an hour all Algiers will know Soustelle has arrived. If you don't appear, the consequences may be very grave." Then Delbecque raced back to town to supervise the alert. On the way his car passed Salan's going to the airport.

Delbecque did not know that just as Salan was leaving the ministry, an aide notified him that the news of the arrival had been broadcast. Reaching the airport, the general nevertheless made an effort to get rid of Soustelle. According to those who were present, Salan, pale and uneasy, said: "Your arrival just now is terribly embarrassing. I am at this moment engaged in final efforts to convince Pflimlin to quit the premiership for France's sake. Your presence here can jeopardize this important effort."

"I shall consult my friends," Soustelle responded, looking the soldier blandly in the eye. "They're on their way. But if you insist at all costs, *mon général*, then I place myself at your orders."

"No, no," Salan replied in hasty retreat, "it's not a question of orders. But will you at least agree to stay incognito until I hear from Paris?"

Soustelle immediately consented. Salan hurried back to his office and his Paris-connected telephone, while Soustelle went off quietly with his own party to the home of a friend.

AN HOUR LATER, Salan phoned to say that Soustelle could now make a public appearance: Pflimlin had refused to budge. By the time Soustelle reached the Gouvernement Général, a huge crowd of perhaps a hundred thousand ecstatic admirers had packed the forum, the great stone stairway to the streets below, and the balconies and rooftops of the buildings above.

Since then, Soustelle has barnstormed the country at Salan's side and shared the spotlight with him. The general soon came to seek and depend on his counsel. The strange alliance of May 13 between town and fortress in Algeria continued to hold firm.

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Tragic Memories, Reminders of Hope

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THERE IS PERHAPS only a remote parallel between the French crisis of 1958 and the internecine struggles in Allied-occupied North Africa during the war that led to the assassination of the turncoat Vichy proconsul Admiral Jean Darlan and the triumph of General Charles de Gaulle. Yet there are certain common denominators worth noting—especially the psychological ones.

I remember, for instance, a luncheon on the terrace of a country inn overlooking the white city of Algiers with some members of a local French Resistance group shortly after the Allied landings. It was my first meeting with the group's chief, the late Henri d'Astier de la Vigerie, one of the most controversial figures of the period, who while working clandestinely with the Gaullists and the Americans was pursuing private political intrigues of his own.

For months before the landings, d'Astier and his principal lieutenants had been in almost daily contact with Robert Murphy, then Franklin D. Roosevelt's special emissary in French North Africa. At the time of our lunch, d'Astier was still the director of police in Admiral Darlan's provisional régime. Occasionally a faraway look in his eyes suggested his mind was not on routine police work.

As I was to learn later, d'Astier, a monarchist who before the war had been involved in French right-wing conspiracies, was already launched on a separate plot of his own: an outlandish scheme to set up a provisional crypto-royalist government in Algiers under the Comte de Paris. The plan, of course, supposed the elimination of d'Astier's chief, Admiral Darlan.

THE GAULLISTS bitterly hated Darlan as a symbol of Vichy corruption and repression, but in the North African landings he had been extremely useful to the Allies, who were maintaining him in power because the French military were not yet ready to break what they considered the legitimate chain of command. The Gaullists, understandably, were impatient:

"You can't realize what your government is doing to us by forcing that man on us. Just breathing the same air he breathes makes us feel unclean." It was not d'Astier who made this passionate outburst but a young man in civilian clothes whom the others addressed as Monsieur l'Abbé—Father. "I am an ordained priest," he said, disregarding a warning glance from his chief, "and I know that murder for any reason is a mortal sin. But sometimes I think I could kill that Darlan with my own hands."

There was an awkward silence, then d'Astier changed the subject. Despite the sun, the wine, the black-market food, and the comradeship of my romantic friends, I drove back to Algiers chilled by the memory of that conversation. I had been given a glimpse of that normally submerged but inextinguishable strain of mystic fanaticism—so intense that it could fuse together the notions of purity and murder in a religious mind—which throughout the centuries had made the French so intransigent in all their civil wars.

'I Can't Wait . . .'

This patriotic fanaticism, so linked with French logic and so unaffected by French skepticism, was a striking feature of the psychological landscape in wartime Algiers. It characterized both the haters and the defenders of Darlan. But it was most vividly expressed and most systematically exploited by the Gaullists. Today it has welled up again. "I can't wait for de Gaulle to come in!" a young Frenchwoman of a Catholic-conservative background exclaimed a few days after the 1958 coup in Algiers. "Even if it should mean civil war?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "Even if the Communists win in the end. Anything as long as it means the end of this filthy republic."

Not all of today's neo-Gaullists feel as bitterly about the republic the general helped to restore when France was liberated. De Gaulle himself, at his press conference of May 19, emphasized that he condemned only the vices and the mechanical defects of the republican régime, not its basic principles. And some of his supporters have impeccable records of loyalty to the democratic ideal. Prominent among them is former Premier Georges Bidault, Catholic journalist and historian, prewar anti-fascist and last head of the French Resistance. When Bidault greeted de Gaulle at the Liberation, he called on him to

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restore the republic. The general answered: "It has never ceased to exist."

There is also the liberal Catholic writer François Mauriac. But the insurrectionary movement launched in the general's name includes anti-Gaullist fascists or crypto-fascists. Many of the French *colons* represented in the Algerian "committees of public safety" have racist, totalitarian—and secessionist—tendencies.

Sitting on the same committees with these bitter-enders are pro-French Moslems and "integrationist" French nationalists who sincerely believe in a Franco-Moslem reconciliation based on the complete political and social equality of the two communities, while rejecting any compromise with independence. Judging from his May 15 press conference, it would seem that de Gaulle himself, at least up to a point, seeks reconciliation in a formula that would recognize the desire of most Algerian Moslems for home rule. Finally there are General Jacques Massu's paratroop colonels, with their patriotic mystique, their cult of military honor—exacerbated by the Suez humiliation and the strains of combat in Algeria—and their *esprit de corps.*

Like the Free French, or simply the freed French, in wartime Algiers, these diverse revolutionary elements are temporarily united by a highly emotional patriotism that often makes them dangerous because, being deeper than reason, it can be used to justify extravagances, illegalities, and even crimes that reason would condemn. The analogy with 1942 seems closest, however, in the weird atmosphere of conspiracy within conspiracy that is both the heritage of the wartime underground and the accompaniment of most revolutionary periods.

The man in charge of the Paris end of the Algiers insurrection appears to have been the Gaullist Deputy Jacques Soustelle, a former secret-service chief under de Gaulle, and later the governor general for Algeria appointed by Mendès-France to fight the Moslem rebellion with liberal reforms.

Soustelle created and controlled what has been both an umbrella organization and a front for a whole nest of patriotic conspiracies—the committee called the Union for the Salvation and Renovation of French Algeria. Financed by influential Algerian *colons,* it had branches throughout Algeria and at a signal from Paris could organize almost any desired amount of rioting there. At the same time its board included respectable conservatives like Bidault, the dissident Radical Socialist leader André Morice, and Roger Duchet, the organizer of former Premier Antoine Pinay's conservative Independents. Morice and Duchet reportedly thought of the committee as a device for blocking de Gaulle's return to power. Soustelle, of course, was working for de Gaulle from the first.

According to the Paris weekly *L'Express,* it was Soustelle himself who persuaded Chaban-Delmas, defense minister in the Gaillard government, to take on his staff the Gaullist Léon Delbecque, who was to play a key role in the Algerian uprising.

A former colleague of Soustelle's in the Free French secret service, René Dumont, is now a middle-aged Paris industrialist with some useful big-business connections. Dumont, who accompanied Soustelle to Algiers, operated through a network of wartime Gaullist intelligence agents in France and Algeria. Minister for Algeria Robert Lacoste unofficially supported Soustelle's committee and up to the end of April thought he controlled its Algerian branches through agents planted in them by his own secret-service chief Peccoud, who was expelled from Algiers after the coup.

A further indication of the extreme diversity prevailing in the ranks of the insurrection was the revelation in a National Assembly debate in Paris on May 26 that two members of the Algiers public safety committee authorized by General Salan had been under indictment for complicity in last year's attempt to assassinate Salan with a bazooka shell.

A Bandwagon Scramble

Not every Frenchman has participated in the orgy of conspiracy and mass emotion. Over the long Whitsun weekend while General Massu's agents were seizing Corsica, some eight hundred thousand Parisians, leaving the professional defenders of the republic to guard its capital, departed for the countryside, not, as far as one could tell, to evade trouble but because a possible change of régime did not seem worth a change of picnic plans. But while most citizens remained indifferent to the nation's drama, many others did allow themselves to be swept away by emotion. Some instigators of the disorder appear to have been surprised by its prairie-fire spread.

"A little harmless commotion in

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Algiers is the best way to force a national union government here, and thus to block de Gaulle," one of the apprentice sorcerers confided to me on the eve of the insurrection. Three days later he was frantically scrambling aboard the de Gaulle bandwagon.

The major grievance of the nationalist leaders, including the army chiefs, against the Gaillard and Pflimlin governments was that they were incapable of resisting mounting pressure from abroad—together with pressure from an important section of French opinion—to open negotiations with the Algerian rebels' Front de Libération Nationale (F.L.N.).

To negotiate thus from weakness, the French nationalists feared, would lead not to a compromise peace in Algiers, which many of them are willing to envisage, but to a humiliating and disastrous French defeat—a "diplomatic Dienbienphu," as Robert Lacoste put it in a speech that helped spark the Algerian uprising.

WHETHER THERE WAS anything that Washington could reasonably have done to allay these fears is hard to say. What is certain is that the Eisenhower administration failed to anticipate what the French fears would lead to, though there had been no lack of danger signals. In this respect, too, the 1958 situation recalls the breakdown of effective communication between Americans and their French friends in Algeria years earlier.

During the Anglo-American good-offices mission following the French bombing of Sakiet, Robert Murphy had a number of frank, informal talks with French politicians, including opposition leaders like Soustelle. None of these talks appears to have got across to Murphy, one of our ablest and most experienced diplomats, the real gravity of the impending French domestic crisis, which was intertangled with the North African one he had come to negotiate.

Murphy, however, was not authorized to give his French visitors the one thing they wanted most from him: assurance that despite everything that had happened, the old, direct, essentially sentimental tie between France and the United States was the determining factor in shaping our policy with regard to North Africa.

In the eyes of these Frenchmen, the unforgivable offense was that Washington seemed to put Paris and Tunis on the same level and that in a showdown between France and Tunisia we could not be counted on to take, automatically, the position of backing our ally, right or wrong.

Taking Sides Against an Ally?

A few days before the downfall of the Gaillard government opened the way to the crisis, I interviewed a rightist politician who was leading the assault against Gaillard. Trying to discover why he and his friends were acting so irresponsibly, I learned that his avowed motivation was a routine statement made by Vice-President Nixon during a ceremony at the Tunisian embassy in Washington congratulating Tunisia on the anniversary of its independence.

"That's virtually taking sides in public with an enemy against an ally," the politician told me with every appearance of genuine frenzy.

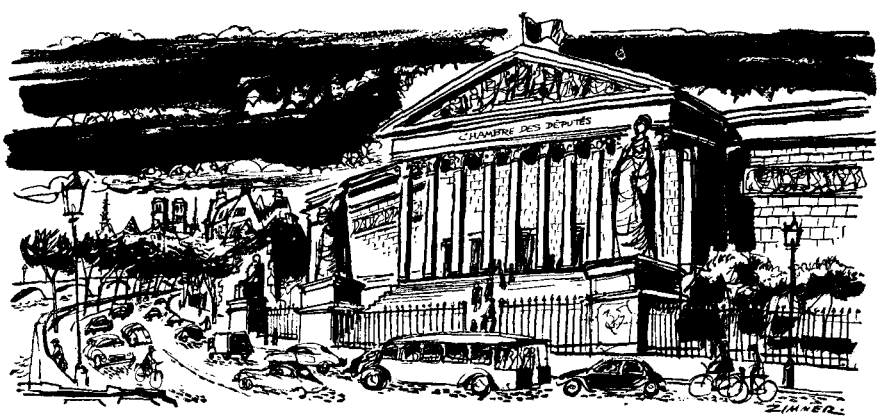
Such pathological reactions are possible only after a succession of defeats. The French nationalists might not have reached such a pitch of unreasoned emotion before and after the Sakiet affair if it had not been for the surprise shipment of U.S. and British arms to Tunisia that almost broke up NATO last December, and above all if there had not been that fateful vote of censure cast against France in the United Nations by Mr. Lodge during the Suez crisis.

Underlying all these tangled emotional dramas in our relationship with France, it seems to me, is an unrealized conflict of ethical values between us and at least a good part of the French people. We believe in an impersonal rule of international law and morality. The French—at least the most traditionalist elements of the French people—tend to transpose to the plane of international relations the clan ethos of a society where family ties are often still paramount.

Many Frenchmen are still bitter when they recall Franklin D. Roosevelt's shocked exclamation—"This is common murder"—after one of the fanatic young disciples of d'Astier de la Vigerie had finally shot down Darlan in December, 1942. They are even more bitter when they recall the savage wave of anti-Gaullist repression carried out under Darlan's successor, with the Americans standing by.

RAKING UP these tragic memories may serve at least one useful purpose: they remind us that France and Franco-American friendship have survived great troubles in the past. Perhaps by May, 1958, it was too late for anyone to prevent the crisis of France's Fourth Republic. But it has often turned out that when the French fall into what looks like a fit of irrationality, they are actually following a peculiar logic of their own.

At such moments no sacrifice of legitimate U.S. interests can be of any help. But there has never yet been a time when, once the spell has been broken, the inner sense and necessity of that logic has not emerged and provided a new base for healthy and workable relations with France's traditional friends in the West.



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The Navy's Submersible Missile-Launching Base

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

NUCLEAR PROPULSION is revolutionizing sea power just as steam did a century ago; the missile is revolutionizing all aspects of warfare much as the airplane did a generation ago; and nuclear explosives are revolutionizing war even more than gunpowder did in the fourteenth century. The U.S. Navy is developing a new weapons system that combines all three elements of the current revolution in military technology. It is Polaris, an intermediate-range ballistic missile (IRBM) with a nuclear warhead that will be fired from a submerged nuclear-powered submarine.

The Polaris weapons complex, scheduled to be operational in late 1960, will at the very least be a major supplement to America's capability for deterrence. Conceivably, it could become the prime replacement of the Strategic Air Command and an even more decisive deterrent than the intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM).

Since the Sputnik scare last fall, developmental work on Polaris and its submarine have been in high gear. But production is in low gear. There is no crash program to construct a sizable fleet of Polaris submarines as soon as possible. Given the edge the Russians have over us in certain weapons, such as rockets of great thrust, it may be a mistake not to put greater emphasis on Polaris immediately.

POLARIS is, or will be, a solid-propellant two-stage ballistic missile carrying a nuclear warhead to a range of 1,500 miles. For safe stowage and handling in a confined space, it needed solid fuel rather than liquid—which entailed basic developmental work. To fit the dimensions of a submarine, it had to be compact. So it is about thirty feet long—half the length and a quarter the weight of Jupiter, its land-launched counterpart in the IRBM family. It is a more sophisticated missile than its relatives, because it must move vertically out of its undersea launching chamber, traverse from fifty to five hundred feet of water, and then turn itself into a "conventional" missile, soaring into the air and on into space. After that, it has to put itself on precisely the correct heading, gain the exact velocity needed—which might be ten thousand to fifteen thousand miles an hour—and cut off the burning of solid fuel in a small fraction of a second.

All this has been accomplished. But you can hit your target with a ballistic missile (as distinguished from a guided or homing missile) only if you know precisely where you are when you fire it. Here the Polaris project encountered a unique problem. At Cape Canaveral or at a launching site in Maine or Minnesota, it is fairly easy to calculate the precise distance and the precise bearing for a known target. But in a submarine that is constantly moving and in fact rarely comes up to periscope depth, it would seem almost impossible to make such calculations. The problem has been solved through development of an inertial navigation system—a greatly refined dead-reckoning device (by M.I.T. out of Sperry Gyroscope). Any accumulated error will be corrected by coming up to periscope depth now and then, perhaps only once a week when secrecy is urgent, just long enough to take a star sight or to get a "fix" by electronic means such as loran.

The submarine to launch Polaris will be a large boat, probably displacing 5,600 tons, 380 feet long and thirty-three feet wide. It will be powered by a nuclear reactor with pressurized water cooling, not unlike that of our first nuclear boat, *Nautilus,* which has performed unfailingly for nearly three and a half years, and has been refueled only once. Unlike *Nautilus,* however, the FBM (fleet ballistic missile) submarine will have a streamlined hull for maximum underwater speed. Its hull shape will be patterned after that of the experimental Diesel-electric submarine *Albacore* and the nuclear-powered attack submarine *Skipjack,* which was launched on May 26. As it stands on the building ways of General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division at Groton, Connecticut, one of these Polaris submarines looks like a gigantic fat cigar with a pointed tail end. The teardrop hull form is the product of much experimentation and reveals the characteristics of a true submersible.

Flying in the Water

Pre-nuclear submarines are really surface ships that can operate submerged for eight or ten hours (or longer in an emergency) by running on enormous electric batteries. But they really live on the surface. They are ships. The nuclear submarine, starting with *Skipjack,* is not really a ship at all. It is more like a plane, but for flying in water instead of air. It will have no open deck space, will normally operate submerged, and will be capable of greater speed submerged than on the surface. Full-power speeds of our nuclear craft are classified, but they are well in excess of twenty knots (twenty-three miles per hour), or about two and a half times the sustained maximum underwater speeds of typical postwar Diesel-electric submarines. Furthermore, atomic submarines can run indefinitely at full power submerged, whereas a Diesel boat can run at full power submerged for only half an hour.

For defense against enemy submarines and for attacking surface ships, the new FBM submarines will be fitted for torpedoes. And to search for enemy craft, they will have good sonar (underwater sound) equipment. Their prime armament, how-

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ever, will be the Polaris missile. Each Polaris submarine will carry sixteen of them, plus food for several months away from base, equipment for making all the fresh water a hundred men can use, and apparatus for making oxygen from sea water. (The undersea endurance of our three nuclear submarines now in commission, *Nautilus, Sea Wolf,* and *Skate,* is limited by the need for carrying tanks of compressed oxygen, which is bled into the air of the boat, one cubic foot every hour for every man aboard.)

There is no radiation hazard in nuclear submarines. Barring a most improbable foul-up or battle damage to the reactor spaces, the radiation that could affect crew members is negligible. The *Nautilus* and *Sea Wolf* crews showed no accumulated radiation after a year of duty. Indeed, because sea water in quantity provides some shielding power against cosmic radiation, a man stationed in the control room of a nuclear submarine two hundred feet below the surface of the ocean is exposed to less radioactivity than a civilian standing at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

THE DEVELOPMENT of the Polaris missile and its submarines has been speeded up considerably by some deft administrative short cuts. Rear Admiral William F. Raborn, a chunky and jovial aviator who is director of the Special Projects Office in the Bureau of Ordnance, has complete charge of development of the missile. He has a force of almost 120 officers and civilians, and guides a project that spreads into Lockheed, General Electric, Aerojet-General, M.I.T., Sperry Gyroscope, Westinghouse, and more than two hundred subcontractors.

The submarine is primarily the responsibility of the Bureau of Ships, as are all naval vessels. The reactor program is under the hard-driving direction of Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, whose authority derives both from the Bureau of Ships and from the Atomic Energy Commission, which has put up most of the money for developing the reactor.

Rickover and Raborn and various people in the Bureau of Ships cross-check constantly. This interlocking command, facilitated by the great freedom from red tape allowed both men, is probably cutting two years from the time required to make the Polaris and its submarine fully operational. Of course previous developmental work on other ships and weapons helped to speed the Polaris project. The Navy has, as noted, three nuclear submarines in service as well as three Diesel-electric boats that fire the Regulus guided missile. It also has sixteen other nuclear-powered submarines.

Geography Is on Our Side

The unique advantages of the Polaris weapons system lie in concealment and mobility. In view of the increasing vulnerability of manned bombers and the possibility that the fixed launching sites for medium- and long-range missiles could be destroyed by a surprise missile attack, the Polaris may well be the most dependable means of retaliation available to us in the near future. Polaris-launching submarines, constantly moving under water to avoid detection, will be one deterrent force that can get through an enemy's screen of interceptor missiles and cannot be wiped out by a sudden missile attack.

In the Arctic, Russia's longest sea frontier, these undersea craft can remain under the floating pack ice most of the time for additional security. The submarine's greatest military virtue is concealment. The nuclear submarine carries this a long step farther, because where the Diesel-electric submarine could stay down only eight or ten hours as a rule, the nuclear boat can proceed almost indefinitely without surfacing. Both *Skate* and *Sea Wolf* have operated submerged for more than thirty days continuously. *Nautilus* has cruised for five and a half days a thousand miles under the ice.

Add to this underwater endurance the protection of the vast area of floe ice in the Arctic Ocean and you have the ultimate in concealment. From the edge of the pack ice, as it is usually spread out, it is about 400 miles to Murmansk, 900 to Archangel, 1,200 to Leningrad, 1,400 to Moscow, and 1,800 to Kiev. A great many of the critical strategic targets in the Soviet Union are within 1,500 miles of Arctic waters. *All* the others are within 1,500 miles of other oceans—the eastern Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific. Although it is close to Russia's long northern sea frontier, the Arctic ice is far more than 1,500 miles from U.S. territory, other than Alaska. We have here a permanent advantage conferred by geography.

Although our NATO allies have agreed in principle to have launching sites for intermediate ballistic missiles located on their soil, the final negotiations are bound to produce adverse political agitation because the sites will be magnets for enemy missile attack. To be sure, the sites for our own ICBMs, when we have them, will be on our own soil but will likewise provide a tempting target for any potential enemy's missiles. Polaris-launching submarines, on the other hand, will be under our own flag and control and will have a very special immunity from enemy action.

It must be supposed that the Russians, if they choose, can build the equivalent of our Polaris weapons system. But so far as is known at present, we have a long lead in this particular area of weapons development. Furthermore, the Arctic ice is at Russia's door, not ours.

BY THE END of 1960, when the Polaris and its submarine are operational, they will constitute, at the very least, a useful supplement to SAC as a deterrent. As the manned aircraft's usefulness for strategic missions declines, Polaris will assume greater value. And the vulnerability of fixed IRBM and ICBM launching sites seems quite sure to be confirmed by advances in Soviet missile technology. If so, it is possible to believe that a fleet of Polaris-firing submarines could become the decisive deterrent—a threat for which there is no countervailing threat.

Given this potentiality, Polaris would seem to demand the highest priority and deserve large-scale production. Yet construction of Polaris submarines has not been pushed vigorously by the Navy or the Defense Department. Up to now, only three Polaris submarine keels have been laid down; and even these were authorized only in the supplemental 1958 appropriation, the administration's reaction to the first Sputniks. Spokesmen for the Navy told a

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House subcommittee in February that they might later ask for six more Polaris submarines. Only two were asked for, and doubtless they will be authorized.

There is also *Triton,* a submarine monster that will be the largest undersea craft ever to be built in the United States. The first vessel to have twin nuclear reactors, *Triton* is scheduled for radar picket duty. This work can be done better and cheaper, however, by other ships and aircraft. *Triton* should be and quite possibly will be converted to missile launching before it is completed in 1960. Admiral Rickover told a congressional subcommittee that he originally wanted it for a missile submarine but was overruled by the submarine people. He may finally win this argument, as he has won so many others.

THERE ARE several reasons why production is not moving ahead as rapidly as development work on this program. In the first place, naval leaders have been slow to see the attractions of the Polaris system. The top-ranking officers are mainly air admirals, and are devoted to carrier air power. They aren't against Polaris; they just aren't excited about it. They grudgingly agreed to forgo asking for another *Forrestal*-class aircraft carrier in fiscal 1959 in order to allow money for the Polaris and anti-submarine warfare programs. But there is no missionary fervor among them.

In the second place, Navy men are naturally convinced that the prime mission of the fleet (and one it does not share with the other services) is to control the sea. The job indicated for Polaris, however, has nothing whatever to do with command of the sea. Its purpose would be to destroy cities and bases and other strategic targets in the enemy country. Navy men still remember the mauling they got in 1950 when they reached out for a strategic mission for their aircraft carriers in direct competition with the Air Force.

Then there is the fact that any new ship type is in a sense experimental and needs thorough testing. Navy men would rather build one or two and see how they work, next correct mistakes and incorporate improvements, and only then build in numbers. But both men chiefly concerned with the Polaris program, Admirals Rickover and Raborn, assured me they have no doubts about the Polaris and its submarine. They will work. There is no *technical* reason why more subs cannot be laid down at once. And there are facilities and skilled personnel available to build forty-eight Polaris submarines a year in the yards that are already working on nuclear submarines.

The Budgetary Dilemma

The really compelling reason for the meagerness of the Polaris submarine program is budgetary. The first Polaris boat, SS (N) 598, still without a name, will cost more than $100 million, and later ones of the same type probably $90 million each. The money for these craft, as Congress and the Defense Department have been operating, comes out of an over-all naval ship construction fund, currently figured at $1.4 billion for fiscal 1959. Every Polaris submarine, therefore, knocks out $90 million worth of other vessels, including some that are urgently needed to combat the mounting Soviet submarine threat.

The Navy is also building a nuclear-propelled task force—a fleet of tomorrow. Built, building, or authorized are twenty-five atom-powered vessels, mostly submarines now but including a cruiser and a carrier, the new *Enterprise,* that will be powered by eight reactors. The time required to complete this task force, which may some day be vital to American mastery of the sea lanes, is bound to be stretched out if any large sums are diverted to a special-purpose fleet of Polaris submarines.

Furthermore, nuclear deterrence is by no means the only mission of the Defense Department, which must also prepare for limited wars. And the Navy, with the Marine Corps, is the foremost instrument of limited war. Money spent for Polaris submarines may be money needed to build the more delicate engines of limited war.

In general, naval thinking puts top priority on the traditional roles and missions of the fleet—sea command above all—as against a new and purely strategic deterrent task. Somebody else—the Air Force, supposedly—will have ways of hitting the main centers of Soviet power. But if Russia's five hundred submarines are to be found and destroyed, and the coastal areas of the United States and its vast merchant commerce thus protected, only the U.S. Navy can do the job. This is not mere conservatism. So far as the Navy is concerned, it is simply putting first things first.

Still other reasons for the sluggishness of the Polaris submarine program are to be found in the Defense Department, which tends automatically to scale down the requests of all the component services, and also to leave the roles and missions of the various services where they are and have been. In addition, the civilian technologists, who play a large role in Defense calculations and presumably are free from "service bias," regard Polaris as something to be encouraged through the development and testing stages, but think it should be made in numbers only after a stockpile has been built up of less sophisticated although perhaps larger and longer-range ballistic missiles. Many of them consider Thor and Jupiter the weapons of tomorrow, and Polaris the weapon of the day after tomorrow.

IF THERE IS a way out of the budgetary dilemma, it probably is the road indicated by Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington), who for a year and more has been the most ardent supporter of the Polaris program. Modifying his demands for a hundred Polaris submarines, he now calls for fifteen keels at once. He proposes that since Polaris is a new and distinctive deterrent weapons system, it should be financed separately.

This makes sense. And there are precedents for it. Two years ago, an air-minded Congress appropriated nearly $1 billion more than the President and the Pentagon had asked for strategic air power. Right or wrong, it recognizes that deterrent power is something apart from the routine allotments of funds to the three services in a standard budget.

Perhaps the initiative will have to come from somewhere other than from the Navy and Defense. It would not be the first time that laymen have had to prod the military into adopting new tools for a very old trade.

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Who Owns Outer Space?

ROBERT BENDINER

SPACEMEN have still to get beyond the atmosphere, but lawyers, generals, and statesmen are closing in on the moon so fast that the poets will soon have to abandon it. For the most part, the lawyers, to their credit, are for declaring all outer space beyond the bounds of national sovereignty. More in character, the generals are for turning the primeval goddess of the night into a handy missile base with all possible dispatch. And the statesmen, torn as always between vision and politics, dawdle and bargain on the brink of the universe, so that to this moment it is an open question whether the penetration of space in the twentieth century will not be as anarchic as the penetration of the New World in the sixteenth.

It may come as a shock that ownership of cosmic space should be engaging the attention of serious men, and that the moon should already have been reduced to a counter in the games of cold-war strategists. But since the first Sputnik, the stuff of dreams has become an issue in the Pentagon, the Kremlin, the United Nations, and even the American Bar Association, which now has a Subcommittee on Space Law.

Among more prophetic men, debate has raged for several years on such questions as these: Is outer space *res communis,* as free as the high seas? If so, where does it begin? Has a satellite any nationality at all, once it is in orbit, and who is responsible for damage done by its falling debris after it disintegrates? What recourse has a nation if it is subjected to unwelcome reconnaissance? And finally, can a nation in any way claim territory on the moon or the planets?

NOW THAT six satellites have been put into orbit and lunar programs are on Pentagon and Kremlin drawing boards, these questions are sufficiently pressing to have entered the realm of politics. It is now clearly possible for a space station to bring any point on earth under observation, if not threat of annihilation. According to the U.S. State Department's *Foreign Service Journal,* a television-carrying satellite is currently under construction "which will give a continuous picture of the areas of earth over which it flies," and Russia is projecting a hovering satellite to relay television images.

What will be left of old-fashioned espionage when recoverable satellites can bring back accurate maps and

pictures detailed enough to show even aircraft and vehicles on the ground? Telescopes on the moon, free from the distractions of the atmosphere, are expected to reveal objects on earth 100 feet long, which would include ships at sea, launching sites, nuclear installations, and similar points of interest to the military tourist. With no international control over radio frequencies, it would be easy for one power's satellites to interfere with the radio programs of other nations and even to supplant them, by way of psychological warfare—not to mention the jamming of radar systems that now protect the major powers from surprise attack. Sputnik I even ignored the megacycle assignments agreed upon for the peaceful purposes of the International Geophysical Year. Fiery remnants of Sputnik II are believed to have sizzled out in the Brazilian jungle, but they might just as well have landed on the Champs Elysées or an oil refinery in Bayonne, New Jersey, leaving the questions of damages well up in the stratosphere.

Technically, all six satellites have violated the ancient claim of nations to the space above their territories all the way to the heavens—or *ad coelum,* as the Latin phrase has it. Blackstone's *Commentaries* firmly embedded the *ad coelum* theory in English law: "Land hath also in its legal signification an indefinite extent upwards as well as outwards . . . so that the word 'land' includes not only the face of the earth but everything under it or over it." Following the First World War, a Paris convention for regulating air navigation specifically provided that "every Power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." Even as late as 1944 the International Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago recognized that "Every state has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." The Soviet Union, which had no part in the Chicago convention, took the same position in framing its own air code, and two of its scientists, in pre-Sputnik days, made it plain that "complete" meant "without limit."

Nevertheless, earth satellites have been rocketing up every few months of late, whirling over sovereign territories as freely as the moon itself, and not a single nation has protested. When the White House announced, in the summer of 1955, that the United States planned to send up a man-made satellite some time during the 1957 International Geophysical Year, the Russians merely announced a similar intention. If the American program, said Khrushchev, "is in the interests of mankind, then the Soviet government is always prepared to support it."

This informal agreement to proceed was "perhaps the most felicitous incident of the generation," according to Andrew G. Haley, general counsel of the American Rocket Society and a man known in the field as "the world's first space lawyer." As he points out, "The entire pro-

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gram could have been stopped by the protest of a solitary sovereign nation . . ." In an article in a recent issue of the *Foreign Service Journal,* which significantly is devoted almost entirely to space law, the proposition is laid down that "a few acts, generally acquiesced in, can establish better law than all the theorists in the world." And at the United Nations, Dr. Oscar Schachter, director of its General Legal Division, thinks it will be as hard for a nation to claim violation now as it was for the woman who, asked by the court just when an alleged rape occurred, replied, "When! Why, Judge, it was rape, rape, rape all summer long."

THE SPACE VEHICLES have been harmless so far and innocent even of potential espionage. The question that agitates the experts whom I interviewed, whose speeches I listened to, and whose copious works I have read, is whether or not a code for governing activities in outer space should be pressed to adoption now, before anarchy becomes the rule and precedents, good and bad, are frozen into law.

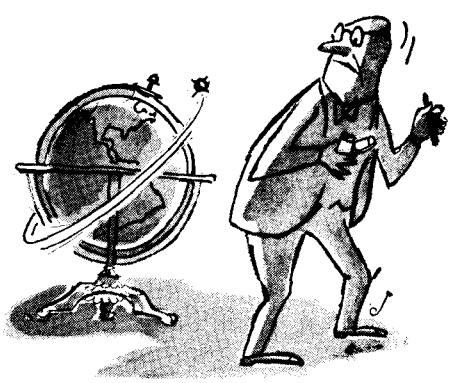
Dr. Schachter is inclined to minimize the need for a formal declaration that outer space is common property, but other experts disagree strongly. At the Montreal headquarters of the International Civil Aviation Organization I was told by P. K. Roy, a precise and eloquent Indian attorney who heads its Legal Bureau, that the existence of a few satellites was in no way enough to establish a new international law by "custom," especially since they were part of a special scientific program in which many nations were jointly engaged. Against this argument, others contend that IGY is an unofficial undertaking; moreover, the Russians specifically announced that the first Sputnik was being launched outside the IGY program.

Actually it is the physical facts of astronomy, rather than legal precedent, that appear to have put an end to the *ad coelum* claim of sovereignty. Because of the rotation of the earth, its revolution around the sun, and the movement of the solar system through our galaxy, it is patently absurd to think of a constant sector of space rising infinitely above a particular area of the earth. A point in space over Costa Rica at one moment may at the next be over Monaco or Madagascar. Nor would it be feasible to tell in whose "sovereignty" a particular act occurred. The Russians are reported to have taken the view that their satellites did not violate other nations' sovereignty, nor ours their own, because any crossing of frontiers was due to the rotation of the earth rather than the motion of the satellites.

The Attack on the Moon

But if sovereignty by virtue of location is untenable, it does not follow that claims will not be made to celestial territory by right of seizure and occupation, or, as I have already indicated, that the rights of sovereign nations will not be violated by the actions of man-made satellites in free space—in the way of reconnaissance, electronic interference, and outright military threats. American and Russian scientists may be inspired by the thought of pushing out the frontiers of man's knowledge, but it would be extremely naïve to imagine that the current race to the moon is altogether in the spirit of the Rover Boys.

Our own military stategists, according to so hardheaded a journal as *Business Week,* consider the moon "the key to control of the earth," and there is strong sentiment in the Pentagon that "anything short of an all-out program to get men and materials to the moon as soon as possible is courting national suicide." With a lunar base, the theory is, we



would be immune from surprise attack. An enemy, for his own protection against devastating retaliation from the moon, would have to launch a nuclear assault on the lunar installation before risking an attack on the United States itself, thereby giving this country advance notice of at least two and a half days.

Naturally these visions are taken with varying degrees of seriousness by less military-minded men. Dr. C. C. Furnas, former Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Development, minimizes the suitability of the moon or space platforms for the launching of missiles. Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, goes somewhat further. "We are uncomfortably close," he says, "to the situation where one of the great technical achievements of man's history, instead of stimulating a vastly improved and valuable program of real research, is being allowed to convert us into a nation of space cadets in which billions of dollars will be wasted on fanciful and fruitless and ill-conceived projects . . ."

Nevertheless, in the first week of its existence the House Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration was told by Major General Bernard A. Schriever, Air Force missiles chief, that military needs must come before pure exploration, and by Rear Admiral John T. Hayward, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, that we would soon be able to use the moon as a reconnaissance satellite without waiting for artificial space platforms.

Law or Chaos

With any inherent claims to sovereignty in space ruled out, the alternatives for future activity become starkly simple: either outer space and the celestial bodies are an anarchic no man's world beyond any law, with nations contending for advantage and spreading their quarrels throughout the solar system, or they are in advance declared the common possession of mankind (assuming there are no Martians or Venusians with a prior claim) and, as such, are open only to joint exploration and development. If the second of these choices is to be made, it is obvious that it will have to be made very soon.

On this score the degree of unofficial unanimity is almost as striking as the absence of official action. Mr. Haley told an astronautical congress in Barcelona last year that the United Nations must either declare

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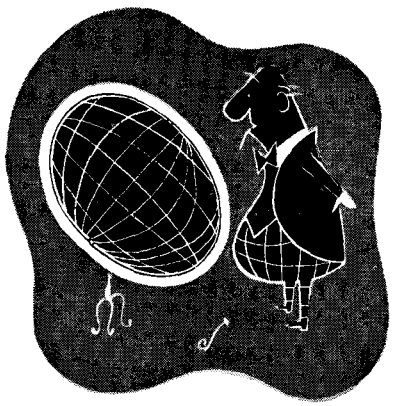
the moon "a free and independent autonomous area" at once or risk having it claimed by the first country to land a missile or a man on its bleak terrain. Sitting in the restaurant of the United Nations in New York six months later, however, he seemed sufficiently discouraged over prospects of such action by the world organization to indicate to me that he was all for a quick American effort to establish a base on the moon before the Russians could get there and presumably set up a Lunar People's Republic.

Professor John Cobb Cooper, the eminent legal scholar who heads a study committee created by the Barcelona congress, sees "chaos" ahead unless international controls are quickly set up for altitudes beyond a fifty-three-mile limit. That is the height at which the atmosphere ceases to be dense enough to provide lift for a plane or balloon and hence marks the end of the "air space" which most nations claim, and will no doubt continue to claim, as part of their sovereign territory. And to Dr. Eugène Pépin of McGill University's Institute of International Air Law—there is such a concentration of talent on the subject in Montreal that outer space may be said to begin in that city—the most urgent objective is an international agency of some kind that can at least consider the problems created by man's penetration of space, all except sovereignty, which he regards as academic. A man with an infectious laugh and a strong French accent, Dr. Pépin asks what a nation can do if its supposed sovereign space is crossed by another country's peaceful satellite. Protest? "You throw such a protest in the wastebasket."

One flight nearer outer space than Dr. Pépin's office at McGill is that of Professor Maxwell Cohen, a man with whom I had a rather more philosophical interview. International acceptance of six satellites, he thought, might well constitute an "immediately created rule," which does not require a long series of repetitions to attain the status of law. The question was not academic at all, he felt, but very real, because there is no reason to suppose that man's normal potential for good and evil would in any way be altered by his advance into space or that national struggles for supremacy would not simply be projected onto the larger screen of the cosmos unless checked at the very outset.

So far the satellites have been innocent enough; but rather than allow dangerous uses to be established by precedent or tests of strength, Cohen thought it imperative to have an international agency established now—one that would immediately affirm the principle that space belongs to no one nation but to all, and that arrangements concerning it must be undertaken only by common consent. It might allow experimentation by individual countries, subject to basic rules and restrictions, or it might insist that all exploration be undertaken jointly or by the agency itself. All that he asked as a starter was assertion of the "primacy of the international community in the management of outer space" and a declaration that celestial bodies—at least the moon at this stage—are, if not the common property, at least "the common interest of mankind."



More than most of his colleagues, however, Professor Cohen seems conscious of the political realities. "There is a semi-phony element running through the debate," he says. "You can't look at the problem detached from the current power struggle."

Who Will Move First?

In principle both the United States and the Soviet Union are committed to the peaceful and scientific development of outer space under international controls. President Eisenhower expressed a willingness "to enter any reliable agreement" to this end in his State of the Union message in 1957, and shortly thereafter Ambassador Lodge rose in the United Nations to propose that the testing of "satellites, intercontinental missiles, long-range unmanned weapons, and space platforms" be done "under international inspection and participation." A similar American proposal was made this year, but in both instances the Russians took the stand that the United States was merely trying to cancel the Soviet advantage of having long-range missiles. This year the Russians, in turn, proposed a ban on the use of space for military purposes, with control established within the framework of the United Nations. But since the plan also included liquidation of our military bases on foreign soil, Washington, not surprisingly, found it "wholly unacceptable." Nevertheless, this was the first time the Russians had made a concrete proposal for international control, and the American reply noted it as "a more positive attitude."

ALL THE SAME, neither the Americans nor the Russians have pressed for even the most preliminary moves that the United Nations might take, such as a simple declaration that outer space *is* free territory or the naming of a commission to determine where sovereign air space ends, a complex matter that experts argue too technically for repetition here. On the contrary, I encountered a strong feeling that the United States was deliberately damping down any sentiment for quick action.

Loftus Becker, a legal adviser to the State Department, testified in February before a House subcommittee on the subject. Though the session was a closed one, it was learned that he discouraged any pressure for an immediate move. Later, however, he told a Senate committee that arrangements for the peaceful uses of space should be made now, before national claims were established, but he added that under international law the United States could still claim and defend all space above its territories.

It is likely that Becker was merely reflecting the prevailing caution of a department that has not yet worked out a definite policy, although as long ago as last January Secretary Dulles himself had appeared to be

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quite emphatic on the subject. "The time to move is now," Dulles told a press conference, "in the infancy of this art of penetrating the atmosphere and reaching outer space." Specifically recommending an international commission under the United Nations, he added, "I think there is an opportunity here which is almost staggering in its possible implications—its implications if we do it, and its tragic implications if we do not do it." Yet the only concrete proposals before the United Nations are Russia's disingenuous scheme and a western proposal enmeshed in all the problems of disarmament and buried in a now dormant commission from which the Russians some time ago withdrew in a well-calculated huff.

In the United Nations itself, whatever force there is for international control of space comes not from any of the leading powers but from Sir Leslie Munro, the genial ambassador from New Zealand and currently president of the Assembly. Sir Leslie does not minimize the fantastic implications of the space age. "Questions will undoubtedly arise," he recently told an audience in the measured language of lawyers, "as to sovereignty over celestial bodies which may be reached by man in the foreseeable future. Consideration would need to be given to whether or not such celestial bodies should be regarded as subject to claims of sovereignty and, if so, as to whether the rules of international law regarding discovery and occupation, conquest and cession should be made applicable to such celestial bodies."

Some of these matters will unquestionably be dealt with at the next Assembly, the ambassador says, because the Soviet Union has put its own proposal on the agenda, but "wrongly, in my judgment, it has linked it with overseas bases, one of its oldest hobbyhorses." There is no question in his mind that the United Nations is in fact the "proper forum" for the matter, "because there the small powers can be heard," but he is wary of going beyond that. So far, delegates have shown interest as individuals, he remarked, but not officially, since they must wait for their governments to take a position.

Sir Leslie would like to have a conference of experts report on the problem in all its aspects before the Assembly debates it, but he sees little likelihood of such a conference in the immediate future. Couldn't one of the smaller delegations bring in a more limited but separate resolution? He thought it a lively possibility.

In a speech to the Conference of Governors in May, Secretary General Hammarskjöld appeared to invite just such a resolution. Calling on all nations to renounce territorial claims to outer space, he suggested that the legal situation will be an issue once exploration "goes beyond its present modest limits and restricted scientific purposes."

So far, however, the United Nations General Legal Division has seemed in no hurry for a showdown —though for reasons of tactics rather than substance. After all, Dr. Schachter's argument runs, procedures in the International Geophysical Year have been highly satisfactory, and continuation of some of them is entirely feasible if no effort is made now to hurry matters or to set up an elaborate and rigid code. Precedents have been set for "mutual toleration" as well as a healthy ignoring of the question of sovereignty. There has been some degree of notification in advance of satellite experiments and a sharing of information afterwards. If, in place of this quiet but "positive collaboration," the powers should be forced to make firm commitments and lay down restraints for themselves, what might happen? "May not one anticipate," Dr. Schachter asks, "that some at least would press for far-reaching extensions of sovereignty into space out of an abundance of caution dictated by hypothetical and perhaps speculative security considerations?"

The Camera's Eye

Granted that continued voluntary co-operation might be ideal, the question arises as to how an affected nation will react on that not distant day when a man-made satellite is seriously suspected of mapping its terrain for military purposes and putting its likeliest targets on enemy film, or when a satellite openly interferes with a foreign state's electronic communications systems. Here Dr. Schachter's answers are hazier. "That can be left to the occasion," he thinks. "Legally, the victim nation can take whatever measures it sees fit," including retaliation or, if possible, the destruction of the offending satellite. Elsewhere he has suggested that states will be free to defend themselves in space just as they do now "over the open sea, which is *res communis* and free for the use of all."

No doubt they can, but if space is allowed to become, as the oceans have been, a vast site for the lethal quarrels of men, an unparalleled opportunity will have been frittered away, with consequences requiring no unduly morbid imagination to predict. It is not necessary, probably, to go as far and as fast as Mr. Haley, who has already worked out the precepts of "Metalaw" for dealing ethically with whatever intelligent life may be encountered on other planets. But it is hard to escape the conclusion of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace that what the United Nations needs most is bold action at this point if it is to "take a major step from adolescence toward maturity."

The very novelty of man's functioning in outer space is the source of his greatest opportunity. As Dr. Richard W. Van Wagenen, a member of the commission, has shrewdly noted, in outer space at least "there has been no pre-existing deadlock, as there has with practically every other problem that you can mention, politically, on this earth." For better or for worse, man has not had so blank a page to work on since 1492.

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A Report from the Sudan: 'All We Need Is Time'

CLAIRE STERLING

KHARTOUM

WITH ITS BORDERS reaching from Egypt almost to the equator and its sparse tribal population scattered over a million square miles of parched desert, burnt-out grassland, and impassable swamp, the Sudan is, in the main, one of the biggest, hottest, loneliest, and poorest countries in Africa. It is also one of the most promising—and one of the most delightful.

The Sudanese have been independent for only two years, after nearly six decades of Anglo-Egyptian rule, and colonial domination of one kind or another—mostly Egyptian—for four thousand more. They have done nothing flamboyant with independence. There has been no startling change, no sharp break with the past, no great leap across the centuries. But few people with such a long history of servitude have stood the shock of liberation so well or handled their newly won liberty so carefully.

Properly speaking, the Sudan isn't yet a nation. There is little in common between the white-garbed, Arabic-speaking Moslem farmer of the north and the pagan southern nomad who wears nothing and speaks any one of 264 languages; between the Khartoum civil servant who goes to cocktail parties and reads Trollope and the Shilluk native who plaits his hair with cow dung; between the Nazir of the peaceful Hadendowa who discusses politics in the clipped accents of Cambridge and the chieftains of the Boya or Topasa who, as the *Sudan Times* puts it, "are not politically minded and do not hesitate to kill a person from another tribe."

IF THERE IS anything like a national personality in the country, then there are two: one in the north, where successive waves of marauders have left an Arabic imprint of race, tongue, and religion; the other in the south, where the marauders' only imprint is a haunting memory of the slave trade, and where customs have changed little since the Bronze Age.

It will be many years before the Sudanese can come to know each other. Nine out of the ten million are nomads or semi-nomads or riverain settlers who rarely leave their small ancestral villages on the Nile. Only seventeen towns have more than fifteen thousand inhabitants. Travel is difficult at best, impossible at worst. There are no highways: even the trip from the capital to its airport must be made over a few hundred yards of macadam road and several miles of trackless sand. What few trains there are move at an average speed of twenty miles an hour over a two-thousand-mile net-

work—this in a territory the size of all the United States east of the Mississippi. River transport is limited to a fortnightly steamer plying a leisurely thousand-mile course between Kosti, below Khartoum, and Juba, in southern Equatoria. Passengers who can afford to be in a hurry may fly with Sudan Airways to any of the nine provincial capitals. Should they care to go further, however, they must go on trek, and even trekking couldn't bring them to every corner of the republic. To this day there are vast regions, like the mountain wilderness between Gemeiza and Jebel Kathangor, where no "foreign" Sudanese or European has ever set foot.

Yet the Sudan is a functioning state, reasonably disciplined, soundly if meagerly financed, surprisingly well-governed; and it is democratic in the most strenuous sense of the word. Elections here aren't simply a political affair; they are an anthropological, topographical, and physical undertaking of the most exhausting kind. Preparations begin at least a year in advance with a painstaking study of tribal taboos, a careful selection of voting sites where nomads might come and elephant or rhinoceros might not, and a patient effort to sort out eligible voters in villages where, for instance, all firstborn might bear the same name. Campaigning involves safaris for hundreds of miles by foot, camel, or Land Rover, with the temperature at 110 or higher. And the actual voting process must be repeatedly explained to any number of voters who not only have never heard of democracy but have never even seen the paper on which a ballot is printed.

'Our Politicians Aren't for Sale'

The Sudanese have voted twice: once in 1953, when the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium granted them three years of self-government before deciding their future, and again this February. On the first occasion, they put Ismail el Azhari's pro-Egyptian National Union Party into power. This time they gave a large plurality to Abdullah Khalil's pro-British Umma Party. This speaks well for Britain's record in the Sudan, particularly since the Umma Party's religious patron is Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, whose revered father's whirling dervishes died so valiantly fighting the British on the field of Omdurman. It also speaks well for the voters' discernment, considering what has been happening in nearby Arab states. But even if they had chosen el Azhari again, he would be as unlikely as Khalil to give away their freedom. It was el Azhari who ac-

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cepted a multi-million-dollar slush fund from the Naguib-Nasser junta in 1953, the better to campaign for annexation to Egypt—and who, after his election, coolly proclaimed the Sudan's independence. "The Egyptians thought they'd bought him," says one of his opponents, "but he wasn't bought—merely rented. When it comes to our independence, our politicians aren't for sale."

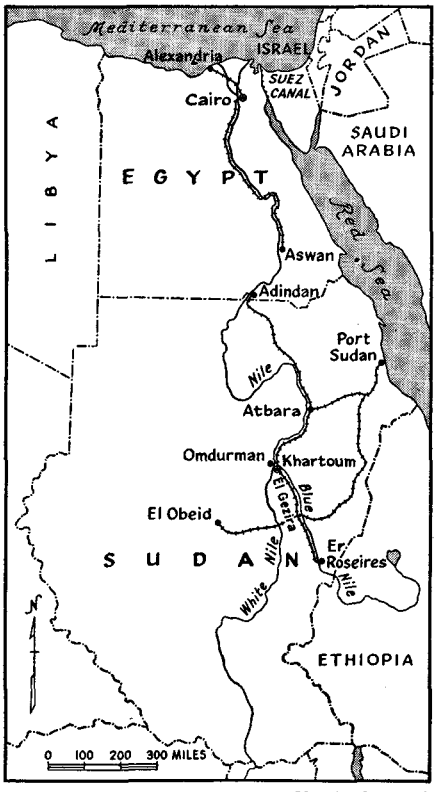
The will to independence has run deep here for a century or more. But it was Britain who taught the Sudanese how to get and keep it. Only a small fraction of them received an education under the Condominium; the south is still ninety-six per cent illiterate. Those who did get an education, however, had a first-class one—the University of Khartoum is among the finest universities in Africa—and those who didn't, absorbed a lot just by watching. "The British were such exemplary patriots," says a Khartoum editor, "that we couldn't help learning patriotism from them." The Sudanese learned a great deal besides.

The British, who have always felt a particular affection for the Sudanese, have rarely administered a colonial territory so scrupulously. The Sudan Service was the pride of Downing Street, kept apart from the less fastidious Colonial Office; and the men who were sent out from London were hand-picked. Their manners were imperious and their standards rigid. But when they left, they had taught an almost wholly primitive tribal people not only to love their national flag but also to respect tea, tennis, tailors, and *Robert's Rules of Order;* to speak English—now more of a lingua franca here than Arabic; to drive automobiles and pilot planes; to grow cotton, to build dams for power and irrigation, to measure the flow of the Nile, to eliminate the tsetse fly; to organize trade unions, to keep order and collect taxes without too much bloodshed, to operate a government without a deficit, and to run the most impeccable civil service on the continent.

The Gezira Scheme

The basis of the economy remains what the British made it—cotton—which brings in nearly half the state's annual revenue; and its backbone is the Gezira Scheme, one of the most successful collective agriculture experiments in existence. The Gezira lies south of Khartoum, in a triangle formed by the confluence of the Blue and White Niles. For millennia no tree had grown there and no flower had bloomed; now it is being made into a luxuriant Imperial Valley.

Of the five million acres that can be irrigated there, only one million are under cultivation so far—roughly



Map by Starworth

a fifth of all the Sudan's cultivated land. These are worked under a tripartite partnership: twenty per cent of the profits go to the now nationalized (formerly British) board of directors, forty per cent to the government for irrigation and research costs, and forty per cent to the tenants. The twenty-five thousand tenant farmers are protected by a union, entitled to low-interest loans, and may pass their land on to their children. They pay a nominal rent for their forty acres, and are permitted to grow their own food and fodder on a quarter of it. Another quarter has to be put to cotton, and the remaining half has to be left fallow.

The scheme works extremely well. The Gezira board knows its job thoroughly, and its tenant farmers are the most prosperous in the country. It would work still better if more water were available to irrigate the Managal Extension, which would bring an additional 800,000 acres under cultivation. But though the Nile flows the entire length of the Sudan—more than two thousand miles—there is not another drop of water to be had.

While the Nile is one of the world's mightiest rivers, the White branch loses half its flow in the Sudanese Sudd—the world's biggest swamp—and the main river flow fluctuates so wildly between flood and low seasons that it can't be used for large-scale irrigation unless its flood waters are stored. The average annual flow is eighty-four billion cubic meters, of which a fifth is "timely" (low-season) water and another fifth is unstorable, the remainder being a storable surplus. Under an Anglo-Egyptian agreement made in 1929, the Sudan is forbidden to draw any timely water whatever—Egypt's life depends on it—and is allotted four billion cubic meters of the surplus as against forty-eight billion cubic meters for the Egyptians, or a ratio of one to twelve as compared with a population ratio of one to two.

Unless the Sudan can augment its share, it will be unable to reclaim a single new acre either for the Managal Extension, which requires a new dam at Roseires, or elsewhere. Negotiations with Egypt have been futile, and they broke down entirely last winter. The Sudanese have been demanding a third of the Nile's flow—the flow, not the surplus—which, though it wouldn't come near irrigating their 120 million acres of potentially usable land, would more than double the five million acres presently under cultivation. They also demand $100 million in compensation for the Aswan High Dam, which, if Nasser ever builds it, would flood forty thousand Sudanese out of their homes and put railroads, river installations, farms, archaeological sites, and mineral resources permanently under water.

The Egyptians, who find it hard to think of the Sudan as anything

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but a colony (*their* colony), have turned the first demand down flat, countered the second with an offer of $15 million, and insisted in addition that the Sudanese deduct the High Dam's evaporation losses—an estimated ten billion cubic meters a year—before calculating their share of the Nile waters. The Sudanese reply to that is symbolic of their new state: they have now entrusted the whole problem to an IBM machine in London for a scientific solution. "If the Egyptians don't accept it," says the minister of irrigation, "we'll just go ahead and build the Roseires Dam anyway."

The dam would be one of the few projects for which the Sudanese would seek foreign capital. They prefer to keep their development program on a pay-as-you-go basis, paying for it with the annual surplus in their normal budget; there has been no deficit here since the First World War. This gives them more to work with than might be expected: $200 million in the past decade, and a bumper $50 million last year. But it makes for some painful choices as to what to build first—railroads, highways, dams, hospitals, or schools. Though the first three needs are obvious, the others too cry out for priority. The Sudan has only forty hospitals, four hundred dispensaries, and two hundred doctors to serve ten million citizens, and only 162,105 students in state, private, and mission schools. It can't even teach indirectly through libraries (only fifteen all together) or radios (practically nonexistent in the south) or the dubious but nevertheless useful medium of the films (twenty-one movie houses, of which eight are in the capital).

'Closed Districts' of the South

The government is trying to remedy this situation as fast as possible without going bankrupt. But though it is building new classrooms and sending out mobile film units and mobile schools, it has a difficult problem in inducing the population to use them. Those living in towns are eager for education. But the northern Hadendowa nomads, for instance, rioted when alien teachers forced children to register their mothers' names, transgressing one of their few taboos; and the resistance of this otherwise peaceful tribe is minor compared to that of the three or four million nomads and semi-nomads in the south.

Though the southern tribes are generally peace-loving, they are only a generation or two removed from the slave block. Accordingly, they are intensely suspicious of the outside world—including the northern Sudan, which once did quite a bit of slave raiding on its own; and they are so utterly remote from modern civilization that its sudden impact might be shattering. The British didn't even try to introduce it, preferring to keep the three southern provinces sealed off in "closed districts." Northern Sudanese have criticized the British more for this than for anything else. "With their negative policy of leaving the south to develop in its own way in the long run," says the *Sudan Times*, "they completely forgot the maxim that in the long run we are all dead." But now that the burden has been passed on to the new government, it too has decided to keep the districts closed.

One of the reasons was a massive riot in 1955, when, on the withdrawal of the British troops, the southerners rose up against their new Sudanese administrators and killed seven hundred of them. Under the British, they had been reasonably sure of being left alone; under the republic, they weren't. It was months before the government's troops could restore order, and even now its authority is by no means unquestioned.

Varied and imaginative devices have been used to impose it. (One effort was a demonstration bombing of cattle which, instead of awing the onlookers, produced a delighted chorus of "Do it again!") But while administrators have managed to collect taxes, prevent tribal warfare, and introduce a rudimentary form of trade, they have persuaded very few southerners to sell cattle for money, to engage in settled farming, or to wear clothing. When the government wired instructions to the governor general of Equatoria to dress his subjects, he wired back: "To clothe the south is as difficult an undertaking as to unclothe the north." There, by and large, the matter has rested.

THIS SAME governor general, now a high civil servant and himself the son of a tribal chieftain, isn't entirely sure that modern civilization is best for the south. "We're trying to make people wear clothes when they don't need any in that climate," he says, "and to make them work for money when, with their skill at cattle raising and with fruit growing wild, they don't need that, either. True, the cattle and fruit are barely enough to keep them from starving, and their living conditions are wretched. But surely we can ameliorate those conditions without changing their whole way of life?"

He goes on, however, to answer his own question. "Ostensibly," he says, "we have a choice between keeping the south as the biggest human zoo in the world or training it to the ways of western civilization. Actually, it's no choice at all. If we don't do the training, others will: the U.N. would come along some day with an investigating mission, and there would be hell to pay."

There may be hell to pay anyway. Of the 173 deputies in the new parliament, forty-six are from the south. Some are missionary-educated Christians, others unlettered pagans. But neither have left home before, both dislike and distrust the northern Moslems, and both criticize the government for doing either too much or not enough in the southern

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provinces. Furthermore, they come from tribes where standards are so simple that any petty bribe would buy enough cattle to make their families wealthy for life. "They are good men, and well-meaning," says a high Sudanese official. "But give me a million pounds and I could start a revolution among their constituents. So could you."

If a revolution did break out in the south it would not only weaken the new Sudanese Republic—perhaps irreparably—but would give whoever financed it access to the nearby states of Ethiopia, Kenya-Uganda-Tanganyika, the Belgian Congo, and French Equatorial Africa. The two nations most interested in both these objectives are Egypt and the Soviet Union, which have been working together. The Russian diplomatic staff of fifty-five being suspect in Khartoum, the Egyptian embassy has acted as go-between, squiring Russian and satellite visitors around the capital, playing host to a Red Chinese labor delegation—which was accompanied by an Egyptian labor official from Cairo—providing Mimeograph facilities for local Communist leaflets, and funds for the Communists' recent conquest of the influential Sudanese Labor Federation. The Federation's biggest group is the railway union, which has nearly half the country's fifty thousand organized workers as members and which once controlled nearly three-quarters of them in an independent federation of its own. In the railway union elections last December, the Communists took over—with Egyptian money.

THIS ASSISTANCE has been a boon to the Russians. They are by no means firmly entrenched here. When, during a temporary crisis last fall, they offered to buy Sudanese cotton in exchange for goods, arms, and technicians, the Khalil government—despite Egyptian urging—coldly refused. Nevertheless, they have gained at least a toehold in the Sudan. "Nasser has made two contributions to our democracy," says an Umma Party leader: "Russia, and political corruption."

The corrupting process has been constant and eroding. The Egyptians' interest in the Sudan, which straddles the life-giving Nile and has so many empty acres for their land-hungry fellaheen, has always been great. Britain freed the colony gracefully, they didn't. They had talked Britain into granting the Sudan self-determination in the hope of annexing it themselves. Nasser is said to have spent upwards of $20 million to sell his "Unity of the Nile Valley" slogan in the 1953 elections. That having failed, he has fallen back on other forms of subversion.

Bounty from the 'Dancing Major'

It was Nasser's emissary, the "Dancing Major" Salah Salem, who did more than anyone else to stir up the southern revolt in 1955 by strewing the province with promises and money. The money has been plentifully forthcoming, since Nasser spends about $10 million a year for Egyptian schools in the Sudan—

thirteen of them long established, seven started by Salah Salem, and a Popular University in Khartoum established after Salem left the country in disgrace. Nasser has also stepped up an old program of free scholarships to Cairo's Al Azhar University, which, though inferior to the University of Khartoum, still attracts hundreds of young Sudanese eager for travel. Apart from that, he has been spending generously: coffeehouse proprietors are paid to keep their radios tuned to his "Voice of the Arabs" and "Voice of Africa"; Sudanese are amply rewarded for five-minute interviews on a local radio station installed in the Egyptian embassy; and so much Egyptian money changed hands in the last election campaign that Ethiopian, Saudi Arabian, and British money were bound to follow suit.

Even before the election, however, the Egyptian ruler knew he couldn't win. The proof was his abortive invasion of two Sudanese enclaves lying north of the 22nd parallel, only a couple of weeks before election day. The move couldn't fail to put the most confirmed pro-Egyptian voters up in arms. But it might have succeeded in drawing Sudanese troops away from the south, where anything could happen. As it turned out, nothing did. The voting was orderly everywhere, and the pro-Egyptian parties were soundly defeated.

SOME THINK the defeat is only provisional. A large number of northern Moslems are still powerfully drawn to their fellow Moslems across the border, particularly with so dynamic a figure as Nasser in Cairo; and though the southerners hate the Egyptians as they do all outsiders—except the British—they are peculiarly susceptible to skillful subversion.

Others maintain that Nasser will never win the Sudan, whether by persuasion, corruption, or force. Not only has he overplayed his hand, they claim, but he is up against a current as irresistible as the Nile's in flood season. "We have waited too long for our independence ever to give it away to anyone," says one of the Sudan's most eminent political leaders. "We know perfectly well who's trying to take it from us Britain was our temporary adversary. Egypt is our permanent enemy.

"We're not afraid of Nasser, though he's richer and stronger," he goes on. "We are too poor to remake our country overnight, and too proud to beg for help, as other undeveloped countries are doing. So we have been moving rather slowly toward the objectives that would consolidate our independence—too slowly, according to other smaller and more adventurous African states that have won theirs. While the others are getting deeper into trouble every day, however, we are not.

"Our kind of progress—gradual, constant—is surely the best kind for Africa. All we need is something far more valuable than money: time."

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Post-Peron Argentina Takes Inventory

GLADYS DELMAS

BUENOS AIRES

AN ARTICLE OF FAITH to which Argentine politicians almost without exception subscribe is that Argentina is a country of fabulous riches. They differ, of course, on how this economic cake should be divided, and on how to keep "imperialist capitalists" from stealing it. But in the course of the recent electoral campaign no one ventured to question the premise itself. It is even repeated as fact in newspaper comment abroad.

If, however, one studies economic and financial reports rather than political oratory, a different picture of Argentina emerges. In 1957, its trade deficit was $340 million in relation to total exports of $970 million, although imports were limited strictly to current necessities and there was practically no importation of capital equipment. The gold reserves are sinking constantly, and on February 15, 1958, were down to $291.4 million, or less than one year's deficit. The country owes $500 million in a consolidated debt to European countries (the "Paris Club") and has recently borrowed $160 million from the Export-Import Bank, plus $27 million in a short-term loan from private U.S. banks.

The internal financial position is hardly better. The government spends nearly forty per cent more than it collects in taxes; the rest of the money comes from the printing press. Furthermore, the national income has been stagnating over the years—and this in a world of expanding economies. The basic utilities are in a parlous state. There is an electricity shortage, resulting in voltage and power cuts; only sixty-two per cent of the country is electrified. There are 415,000 applications for telephones in Buenos Aires alone, some of them pending for years. The railroads, bought from the British, Belgians, and French in 1947 in an already deteriorated state, have had practically no repairs or new equipment since then. In imported equipment alone, their needs are estimated at $1.4 billion over the next fifteen years.

This is hardly the picture of a great and prosperous, rapidly developing country. Yet Argentina was once such a country. What has happened?

One answer, widely disseminated in anti-Peronist circles, is that Perón made off with the kitty. It is certainly true that he dissipated the huge reserves the country had accumulated during the war—some $1.5 billion—as well as the further millions it earned as a consequence of other countries' shortages after the Second World War and during the Korean War. When Perón left, the country was in the red by some $400 million. Of course some of the millions were used to develop Argentina's budding light industry—but not to expand the basic utilities, power, transport, fuel, and sources of raw materials necessary to industry. Argentine industry is still almost entirely dependent on foreign countries for all these things.

Another effect of Peronism, and of the belief that the country is rich, was that the standard of living was raised above what the country could afford. Inflation was the inevitable result: the peso was worth four to the dollar when Perón came to power; it is now worth only about forty.

AN EVEN graver legacy of Perón's régime from the long-term point of view has been the creation of non-productive jobs. The railroads, for example, haul 20 per cent less tonnage than in 1946, but employ 45 per cent more people. Similar things have been happening in other services. The tremendous influx of people into the cities was hailed by Perón as a sign of "progress," but these people have gone to work in services rather than industry.

These troubles, inherited from Perón's mismanagement, could, of course, eventually be corrected by vigorous government action. What is not so easily changed is the nature of the country itself.

Argentina's wealth in the old days stemmed from the sale of cattle and grain. It was a natural complement to industrialized Europe. Extensive farming and range cattle required only a small work force. The exportable surplus was large and the profits enormous in terms of the manufactured goods into which they were invested.

The Crisis in Agriculture

But today there is a glut of wheat, and even meat is no longer in short supply. The industrial countries are producing more themselves and importing less. And what they do import brings less in terms of manufactured goods than it formerly did. But what cannot be blamed on the state of world markets is the fact that Argentina itself has considerably less to export.

The population has increased from sixteen million in 1947 to twenty million today and domestic consumption of foodstuffs has risen accordingly. Production, however, has stagnated. The cultivated area of the country fell steadily from a high of nearly 69 million acres in 1937 to a low of 56.8 million acres in 1949 (a consequence of Perón's unrealistic control of agricultural prices). Only this year, thanks to the more attractive price policy of the provisional government, has it risen again to slightly more than 69 million acres.

This increased acreage does not mean bumper crops, however, as it would among Argentina's competitors, where the yield per acre has increased enormously due to modern farming methods. In the United States, an acre of wheat yields 45 per cent more than before the war, in Canada 61 per cent, in Australia 56 per cent. In Argentina, the increase is only 19 per cent. For corn, the figures are even more startling: the yield in the United States has increased 75 per cent, whereas in Argentina it has *declined* 16 per cent. Argentine agriculture is short of tractors, fertilizer, improved seeds, insecticides—none of which can be

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obtained without benefit of foreign exchange.

Beef now represents a fourth of Argentina's total exports, but the *Economic Survey,* a weekly bulletin published in Buenos Aires, calculates that if herds are not increased and if the population simply increases at the moderate rate estimated by the U.N. Population Studies, in twenty years Argentina will have no exportable surplus at all. Even within eight years, exports of this most easily marketable of Argentina's commodities will be reduced by half.

Wool and hides account for another fourth of Argentina's exports, but synthetic products have already cut into the market heavily—and it can be considered certain that they will do so even more in the future.

Is INDUSTRIALIZATION the answer to Argentina's dilemma? Perón clearly thought so, though for political rather than economic reasons: an urban industrial population is much more easily swayed and organized than a scattered rural one. Furthermore, Argentina's experience in two world wars—with acute shortages of consumer goods during them and inflated prices after them—made a wide sector of the population eager for industrialization. However, the process has been a hit-or-miss affair, based on the prospect of immediate profits behind an impenetrable customs barrier rather than on a long-term plan of rational development.

At first sight, Argentina does not seem cut out to be a great industrial nation. The wide, flat pampas offer no ready sources of hydroelectric power. The Andes with their potential wealth are more than a thousand miles from the ports and urban centers on the Río de la Plata. Argentina's principal asset is its population, almost entirely European in origin, literate, alert, and easily trained in industrial skills.

Until quite recently it was thought that except for oil Argentina lacked the mineral resources for substantial industrialization. It now appears that there is some mineral wealth, though unfortunately it is so inaccessible that it would require huge investments to make it available.

Coal has been found on the Chilean border, in the far south near the Strait of Magellan, although it is not of very good quality. There is iron ore of high quality in the Río Negro region of northern Patagonia, with manganese deposits and limestone quarries conveniently nearby. Since there is no coal suitable for steelmaking, the electric-furnace method has been proposed. But to install the necessary hydroelectric power plant alone will require $200 million of imported equipment.

Meanwhile, a steel mill using imported coal and imported iron is being installed up the Paraná River at San Nicolás, with the help of a loan from the Export-Import Bank. Even when finished, it will supply only a small percentage of Argentina's steel requirements. The current extent of Argentina's industrialization may be judged by its 1956 per capita consumption of iron and steel products: 130 pounds, as compared with 1,367 for the United States and a world average of 265.

With an industry so poorly based and so irrationally organized, it is not surprising that the national productivity index has been declining over the years.

The greatest potential wealth of Argentina at the present time is in its tremendous reserves of oil. But although the first discoveries were made fifty years ago, Argentina annually spends some $300 million of its scarce foreign exchange to import oil, chiefly from Venezuela. According to the constitution all subsoil rights belong to the state. A state monopoly—Yacimientos Petrolíferos Fiscales, known as YPF—exploits all the oil, except for a few now nearly exhausted concessions granted long ago to private American companies.

Oil and Nationalism

Oil is now by far the most explosive issue in Argentine politics. It was Perón's proposal to grant a concession to Standard Oil of California that raised the public hue and cry, even among his own supporters, largely responsible for his downfall. Arturo Frondizi, the new president, campaigned vociferously on a "protect our oil" platform. Many Argentines openly proclaim that they would rather ride horseback than "sell the country's sovereignty" to foreign oil companies. Yet the country does not have nearly enough of capital or of technical skills to get the oil out rapidly and in quantity.

Dr. Mauricio Yadarola, the present Argentine Ambassador in Washington, has suggested that instead of granting a concession to foreign oil companies, the Argentine government should *hire* them to get out the oil. Since the government has no immediate means of paying for such services in hard cash, payment would be made in oil, when and if the oil was found.

Dr. Yadarola says his idea has been greeted sympathetically by American oil companies. However, he belongs to the wing of the Radical Party that was routed by Frondizi in the recent elections. Rumors of his plan were exploited by Frondizi as an example of how his opponents were planning to sell out the country. After the election President Frondizi said that he was always willing to talk about work and service contracts with foreign oil companies but that there would be "no concessions." He temporarily suspended all imports, including oil. He admits that "there will be no miracles."

The Argentine dilemma is far more serious than just recovery from Peronism. Economic nationalism, to which all the major political parties subscribe, is more concerned with keeping foreign capital out than with attracting it.

The provisional government's economic policy—in so far as it had one—was to encourage agriculture. Frondizi campaigned with the support of industry, and it is expected in Buenos Aires that he will shift the emphasis in that direction. This, of course, is simply shifting from one horn of the dilemma to the other.

No one, in public at any rate, has yet faced the fact that in the world as it is today Argentina is not only "underdeveloped" but basically poor. Other countries, like Britain with almost exhausted coal mines, or Italy with no major sources of raw materials, have built prospering economies by accepting the economic facts of life. What is disconcerting about the Argentine situation is the refusal to recognize the facts. There are still many Argentines who fully believe that "There is nothing wrong with the country that a good harvest or two won't cure."

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THEATER: The View from Row P

MARYA MANNES

BACK in the years between 1910 and 1920, a gentleman named Herbert H. Krapp designed most of the New York theaters in which we now sit. Mr. Shubert or Mr. Erlanger would buy a narrow strip of a block and Mr. Krapp would squeeze in a stage and as many seats as possible in blithe sacrifice of audience comfort and actor amenities. For forty years playgoers have bruised their knees on the seats ahead, swiveled their necks like Hindu dancers, and joined a suffocating scrimmage in the foyers and aisles during intermissions. For forty years the best as well as the least actors, foreign and domestic, have dressed and made up and received in stifling closets jammed between stage and alley and connected by tiers of iron stairs that might grace a boys' reformatory. Mr. Krapp was clearly less interested in the flowering of dramatic art than in the saving of Mr. Shubert's money, and we have been paying for his thrift ever since. Actors, dramatists, directors and producers share the view of one of the most distinguished stage designers living, Jo Mielziner, that there is not one really good theater in the City of New York. There are only good and bad seats.

This preamble was occasioned by a visit to *The Visit* at the newly opened, newly remodeled Lunt-Fontanne Theatre; and I must regretfully state that neither the play nor the new house provided me with a very enjoyable time. Or rather, I think the house had a lot to do with my differences with other and more eminent critics who applauded play and playhouse alike. For the daily newspaper reviewers with immediate deadlines go to first nights and sit up front, and the rest of us may not be so lucky.

I am beginning to think that these separate and unequal facilities explain in part my occasional disenchantment with dramas that seem to enthrall the first-nighters. In Mr. Krapp's theaters, a lot depends on where you sit, and I would be very curious to read the reviews of Mr. Kerr and Mr. Atkinson if, from Row P, they had to twist, crane, and cup their ears to catch the murmurs of actors unacquainted with either diction or projection. It don't look so good from there, gentlemen. And what the new Lunt-Fontanne Theatre provides in the way of superior vision, it loses by a decrease in intimacy.

NOW the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre used to be the Globe, built in 1910 not by Mr. Krapp but by Carrère and Hastings and considered to be the most beautiful of its day, with Grecian pillars and a balcony promenade that drew such phrases as "commodious and handsome."

But pillars are no longer supported by public taste, and Robert W. Dowling (in conjunction with Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens) felt that the old Globe needed a new

and more festive face, "a new elegance and comfort. . . ." "Going to the theater," he said, "should be like visiting a charming and gracious home."

Accordingly, Mr. Dowling has spent millions in painting the reconditioned house pale-blue and white, encrusting it with rococo, stringing it with crystal chandeliers, upholstering it with damask, and carpeting it in deepest pile; and what is his idea of a gracious home is my idea of an inflated powder room. The house is, moreover, far too large for any drama of substance that demands the engagement of the audience. The Lunt-Fontanne is fine for show and for shows, but not for playwrights or actors.

The renovators certainly deserve credit for their generosity and their intentions, but the reason why all this baby-blue-and-white splendor and the wide foyers do not make this a really good theater is that the renovation was planned and executed without the participation of theater experts sufficiently aware of the urgent needs of contemporary drama and its audience. The foyers may be wide, but backstage is as cramped as ever. The seats have more space, but the rows between aisles are so large that access to seats is a problem in logistics: the ushers cannot keep up with the deluge of people. The air in the auditorium is cooled in summer and the air under the street marquee is warmed in winter, but the balcony is so large and low that it limits the field of vision for those in the back rows.

Opera glasses are attached to the backs of every other seat, but it is not enough to see actors' features through lenses: contact has been lost. You are no longer part of the play. I was not, at *The Visit*.

It is entirely possible that in a small theater, in a front row, I might have been gripped by the icy malevolence of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's writing and the inexorable pattern of his plot, even though his basic assumptions repelled me.

There is real horror in this story of a woman's revenge and the rot in men's souls; of Claire Zachanassian, the richest woman in the world, who revisits the impoverished village of her youth and offers her townsmen great wealth if they will kill the man who seduced her, a man they respect and love. And they do kill him: Duerrenmatt gives the nature of human beings no quarter.

And the Lunts give what they have to this nightmare, so reminiscent of the most violent German expressionism in its black morbidity. They are, as always, superbly professional. Although I found them little different in this evil exercise than in their amiable and insignificant romps—

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Lynn is beautifully venomous instead of beautifully frivolous, and Alfred's characteristic gait and gestures prevail in anguish as well as in comedy—I doubt if *The Visit* would be accepted by audiences without them. As it is, the play leaves them largely hostile to it.

Yet this natural love of the Lunts in a play consumed by hate is a far greater factor in its critical success than Mr. Duerrenmatt's undeniable dramatic talent and the opulent production. I am sure that much of the praise heaped on *The Visit* was due to their brave choice of a serious play and two roles which could derive no benefit from their great personal charm but were written to elicit, instead, loathing and pity. Lunt-loyalty seemed to veil critical vision of the play's basic coldness and the theater's pretentiousness. It was the wrong play for the wrong playhouse, and I hope in future that the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre houses musicals, preferably with Ethel Merman or bears on bicycles.

I HOPE even more that certain dreams and designs for that great new project Lincoln Square, which is to give New York the cultural focus it deserves in physical form, will materialize so that for once in our lives we will have modern theaters expressive of the modern idiom as well as hospitable to traditional drama. Certainly, the board set up for this purpose includes the best theater brains and talents in the country.

"It is unfeasible economically, of course," said Mielziner, "to build the kind of small and intimate theater that has added so much to playgoing in England and on the Continent. But there is no reason why a larger theater cannot be designed which will give an audience a high degree of involvement with the stage." He showed a plan for one that permitted not only full vision and hearing from every seat but also changes in proscenium size and a stage projection (a movable "apron") adaptable to the needs of the production involved. Thus certain plays could be moved forward to meet the audience, so to speak, halfway; to establish literal as well as figurative contact.

There is, moreover, nothing incompatible between the festive and the functional, and any theater lover, lay or professional, would agree with Mr. Dowling that theatergoing should be a pleasant occasion as well as a source of stimulation.

But architects and promoters alone cannot achieve this marriage. What is imperative is the active counsel and collaboration of people who know the demands of theater most intimately and who would never, for purposes of show, short-change the writer, the actor, the director, the designer—or anyone who must sit in Row P.

Movie Music Comes Into Its Own

NAT HENTOFF

MUSIC is no longer just background to motion pictures; it is now increasingly important in the foreground of most film studios' survival plans. This means not only sales of music directly connected with films—sound-track albums and hit songs from pictures—but the actual, substantial investment by nearly every major studio in the production of recordings of all kinds.

For several years Loew's Incorporated has owned MGM Records, and indeed a recent financial report of the parent organization indicated that it was profits of the MGM Records subsidiary that had enabled Loew's to avoid a loss in that quarter of the year. Decca Records controls Universal International, and again it has been the recording firm that has been shoring up the film company. Paramount took over control of Dot Records, a prosperous young independent, in the spring of 1957, and the investment has since proved a vital part in Paramount's financing of its motion pictures. More recently, four film studios—United Artists, Twentieth Century-Fox, Columbia Pictures, and Warner Brothers—after trying without success to purchase one of the more vigorous independents in the record field, decided to establish their own record firms. And in Britain, the Rank Organization has formed Rank Records, Ltd.

Aside from the fact that the record industry exhibits in itself continuing capacities for growth—the "high fidelity" boom goes on rising in volume, sometimes too literally—film executives have another logical reason for desiring a direct participation in recordings. A 1957 survey conducted by the Motion Picture Association of America revealed that a large percentage of those moviegoers who still attend regularly now consists of romantics still in their teens and early twenties. This is the same audience—particularly those in the teen-age division—that determines which of the single record releases are hits. This shrill consonance of interests means that a film-controlled record company can presumably not only derive direct income from producing record hits but can also spur attendance at its pictures by zealously promoting songs from its films on its own record label.

THE FILM INDUSTRY—including studios without record affiliations—has realized for some time that a pop hit song associated with a film can help the box office considerably. In fact, as the number of film musicals decreases, more nonmusical films are given title songs ("High Noon" was an example) that can at least be warbled over the opening credits. One or more records of the song can then be used to promote the picture. A corollary practice has been for the studio to engage one of the teen-agers' delights—like Nat King Cole, Jimmy Rodgers, or Johnny Mathis—to sing the title song, usually without ever appearing in the movie. The record company controlling the singer then issues the "original" record of the song and joins with the film company to promote the tune.

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In the years ahead, both prongs of the divining rod will more often be controlled by the same company. Three examples of recording singers and their hits written specially for films with the record audience as target are "Tammy" (Debbie Reynolds, who appeared in the picture); "Friendly Persuasion" (Pat Boone, who did not); and "The Long Hot Summer" (Jimmy Rodgers, who also just sang the song over the credits). David O. Selznick himself ended a long memorandum to Mario Nascimbene, composer of the film score for *A Farewell to Arms,* by saying: "Bear in mind that we would like to get out of the themes at least one popular song."

Battle of the Sound Tracks

The adult record buyer is also a factor in the film companies' hopeful interest in recordings. The sales of sound-track albums—usually as "mood music," which account for a significant percentage of total album sales—have risen sharply.

The quantity of sound-track albums put out—as well as packages of music adapted from sound tracks—is huge. Decca alone has released more than thirty and MGM has issued double that number. Not all film-music albums sell well by any means, but the record companies, including those not connected with film studios, feel the gamble is worth taking. "You never know," says an envious competitor, "when you'll hit a *Man with the Golden Arm,*" as Decca did. Many record firms accordingly issue a substantial number of sound tracks largely in order to be sure they'll be considered when the bidding begins for a "hot" sound track from one of the film companies not yet in the record business. "We release so many of them," says an RCA Victor executive, "so that everybody in Hollywood will know we're interested in sound tracks and won't think only of Capitol or Columbia." In a sense, Victor's policy paid off when it won the rights to the sound track of *South Pacific.*

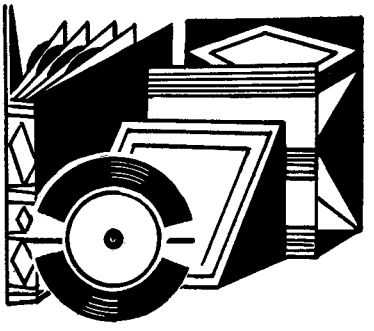
Victor's sales expectations from the *South Pacific* album are so high—it is aiming for sales of a million by the end of the year—that it allocated a $200,000 promotion campaign that began with a two-page color spread in *Life.* Columbia, having lost in the battle for the film track, quickly repackaged its original Broadway cast album of *South Pacific,* and that set was recently in second place on the *Billboard* chart. Victor's was first.

The competition for film scores between companies like Victor and Columbia will become even fiercer now that so many of the film studios are in the record business. There is, in addition, the problem of several artists in a single picture being already under contract to different record companies. Sometimes one company will yield its pawn in return for future favors, but when companies are obdurate no "complete" film score album is possible. The current *St. Louis Blues* movie, for example, resulted in separate albums by Nat King Cole for Capitol and Eartha Kitt for Victor.

A Proliferation of Gigis

Those record firms without film tie-ins are also arming for the future, *Billboard* reports, by trying to tie up the musical conductors and composers of film background scores as a means of getting in first bids for new film product.

Even now, if a record label can't acquire rights to the original film track, there are other ways of squeezing into the picture. The sound track of the new MGM film *Gigi* is available on MGM records, but there will be at least seventeen other *Gigi* albums, two of them bearing the MGM label—a "jazz" version of the score and the other a "mood" interpretation by a string orchestra. Other firms assign their artists to "interpret" the score—for example, Columbia with Vic Damone and Mercury with Robert Clary. Arthur Freed, producer of the film, estimates happily that more than half a million *Gigi* albums are likely to be sold by June.



The quality of most of this deluge of film music on records does little to inspire enthusiasm among critics. In fairness, however, the nature of composing music for the screen—the exact timing and other mathematical problems involved—makes it very difficult to transfer a sound score onto a record as a work that can bear critical listening without Joanne Woodward in the foreground. If the film composer does feel his music for a particular assignment can exist on its own, he almost invariably prefers to rework it into a "suite" in the manner of Aaron Copland or Virgil Thomson.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION of the problems of screen composing was provided in the journal *Film Music* by Philip Sainton, a composer of long experience who had never written any film music until he was engaged to write that for *Moby Dick.* "I received," Sainton writes, "the first sheets of timings at the end of May, and those well versed in the writing of film music will smile when I confess that as I looked at the pages of timings for Ahab's aria, I gasped with fright. The sequence lasts for a little over six minutes, and for every twenty seconds—often for every ten seconds—the footage was given. I had to accompany the dialogue as if it were being sung, and with the mood continually changing. I very soon discarded the metronome and stop watch and solved the timings by elementary arithmetic, the sum being, 'How many beats are wanted to cover nineteen seconds if the tempo is 144 beats to the minute?' "

But Aaron Copland, in his chapter on film music in *What to Listen For in Music* (McGraw-Hill), denies that film scores, notwithstanding the arithmetical way they often have to be composed, are by definition not proper concert material. It depends, he feels, on the individual score and the requirements made of the music by the individual film. "But I fail to see why," Copland emphasizes, "if successful suites like Grieg's *Peer Gynt* can be made from nineteenth-century incidental stage music, a twentieth-century composer can't be expected to do as well with a film score."

The fact though is that compara-

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tively few composers of the imaginative individuality of Copland have been commissioned to write for the screen, at least on a frequent basis. There have been several superior scores by Prokofiev, Sir William Walton, Vaughan Williams, and a few other composers of stature, but these have been exceptions. The regular writers are usually men of considerable skill in their demanding craft (although far too little credit is given the orchestrator, who works on filling out the film composer's themes). Few of the regular film composers, in any case, are sufficiently original to make concert suites of their film scores worthwhile. The names with the most film credits are, for the most part, competent workmen rather than challenging composers in the concert sense—Max Steiner, Alfred Newman, the late Victor Young, Dimitri Tiomkin, Bronislau Kaper, Miklos Rozsa, Elmer Bernstein, and Franz Waxman.

Mr. Tiomkin's Friend Ludwig

Perhaps the most candid representative of the regular film writers is Dimitri Tiomkin. In accepting the 1954 Academy Award for his score for *The High and the Mighty* (an award most Hollywood musicians felt should have gone to Leonard Bernstein's considerably more original music for *On the Waterfront*), Tiomkin graciously said: "I want to thank all those who helped me win this award—Johannes Brahms, Richard Strauss, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky."

There are certainly several able "serious" composers among the regulars—George Antheil and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco as well as Georges Auric in France—together with frequently arresting younger writers like Alex North and Leonard Rosenman, but those film scores which have become part of the repertoire of concert adaptations have all been written by established classical composers of major or near-major rank.

Another reason for the average hollowness of film scores may involve not only the usual need to synchronize the music so closely with the film but also the caliber of the producers the composer must satisfy. Victor Young once advised fledgling film composers to train themselves to "be capable of fast footwork and riding with the punch" when they deal with directors and producers. One of his examples was a film executive who told Young at the end of a screening, "For this picture I want you to give me a score in the style of Hindemith." Young continued: "Knowing that he had probably heard his first Hindemith record recently, I nodded in solemn agreement and went home to compose a score which he marvelled at—only it was in the 'style' of Victor Young!"

Debate on Aesthetics

In any case, the economic importance of film music has never been more strongly emphasized than now by the film makers. Aesthetic questions remain, and the basic one is still the point raised by, among others, music critic B. H. Haggin, who wonders whether music is essential to films; whether it should not be possible to use the pictures by themselves not only to convey the bare sense of any situation but to give this sense all the desired emotional heightening and impact.

Whether music is essential or not, we shall be exposed to much more film music from now on—in record

albums as well as in the theater. There does, however, appear to be some concern about how long the record companies can indiscriminately release sound-track albums without the already active operation of Gresham's law in this field becoming even more appalling. James Conkling, former head of Columbia Records and now in charge of the new Warner Brothers record firm, states bluntly that Warners has not entered the recording field just to produce sound tracks. "Sound tracks," Conkling notes, "are essentially made for motion pictures and not records. We only want those sound tracks that will make good salable albums."

Mitch Miller, in charge of all Columbia nonclassical albums, feels, however, that the better the film score, the more salable the album. "Music for a film score," he declares, "has to be what you might call subliminally memorable to lead to record sales as well as, of course, to make the picture a success. The successful song and score are so well integrated into the picture that they leave a lasting impression. The scores that have been memorable have not been the characterless gigantic eighty-man orchestra epics but those with an idea and an unusual instrumentation—*Third Man Theme* played on a zither; *March from the River Kwai* with whistling men and drums; *Que Será* played on two guitars; *Fascination* played on gypsy violins. There will be a big future for movie albums when film producers stop regarding music as a budgetary afterthought—as something to fit into the costs when everything else has been paid for."

And Tom Mack, vice-president of Dot Records, says: "In the future, I think, sound-track albums will continue to be an important part of our product, but I believe that there will be an increasing demand for intrinsic worth in the grooves of the album, and that the music will eventually have to stand on its own merits. One indication of this is the growing awareness on the part of the film composer of the importance of albums for exploitation (as well as for mechanical royalties and performance credits). This is manifested by the current trend to compose more melodically, to consider the form of a recorded work rather than merely stringing together otherwise unrelated mood or character cues."

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL," says an empirical Hollywood musician, "but to get 'intrinsic worth in the grooves of the album,' you have to have more composers of 'intrinsic worth.' It's as basic as that, whatever speed you play the music."

Or, as British composer Alan Rawsthorne summarized the situation several years ago at a Congresso Internazionale di Musica in Florence: ". . . what is needed for a good film composer is a composer."

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The Good TV Shows That Don't Get Seen

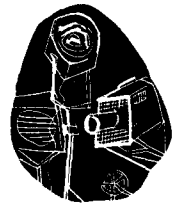
RICHARD P. GOLDMAN

MANY CRITICS have lamented the poor general quality of television programming. Not so much attention has been paid to the fact that much of the best programming TV does offer gets relatively limited distribution. Most of the network-produced cultural, educational, and news programs that are known by the vague and somewhat frightening term "public service programs" are carried by only about half of the stations to which they are made available.

The much-heralded *Face the Nation* interview with Khrushchev is a case in point. This hour-long interview, presented over CBS at 3:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time on Sunday, June 2, 1957, was the lead story in Monday's New York *Times* and made the front pages from coast to coast. And yet only 105 CBS stations carried the interview, at least on the day it was sent over the network. By contrast, *The Ed Sullivan Show*, seen on Sunday night over the same network, has a station line-up of approximately 220 stations. While the Khrushchev interview was on the network, the stations in Minneapolis, Miami, Oklahoma City, Tampa-St. Petersburg, Sacramento, and Galveston showed old movies. In Cleveland the hour was taken up by *Spotlight on the World* and *Beat the Clock*. In Detroit a Tigers-White Sox baseball game was carried. In St. Louis *You Are There* and *Cartoon Carnival* were shown. Station KRLD-TV in Dallas split the hour four ways among *Thomas Tune Time, Film Feature, Magic in Fashions,* and *Songs of Inspiration*.

CLEVELAND, a fairly representative large American city, has three television channels, one for each network, that serve approximately two million people. The record of programs not carried by the Cleveland stations in the past year is formidable. During one long period, WJW-TV, the CBS outlet, did not carry such programs as *Odyssey, Camera Three, The Seven Lively Arts, The Last Word, Lamp Unto My Feet, Look Up and Live, U.N. in Action, World News Roundup,* and *The Great Challenge*. It carries *Face the Nation* one week late at either 8, 8:30, or 9 in the morning, depending on a particular week's schedule.

The Cleveland NBC channel is Westinghouse's KYW-TV. Its record is very much like that of WJW-TV. KYW-TV has failed to carry at one time or another *Outlook, NBC Opera, Look Here, Wisdom, Youth*



Wants to Know, Mr. Wizard, Comment, and the Huntley-Brinkley news program.

Scripps-Howard owns the Cleveland ABC channel, WEWS. During the past year the station has not picked up *College News Conference, Press Conference, Dean James A. Pike,* John Daly's news, and on occasion *Open Hearing*. It is not carrying the new Mike Wallace interview series called *Survival and Freedom*.

Only one of the three local television critics, Jim Frankel of the *Press,* seems particularly concerned about the situation. Whenever a station fails to carry what Frankel considers a promising program, he prints a box entitled "What You're Missing," describing the program. When WJW-TV made no plans to carry Edward R. Murrow's recent *See It Now* program on atomic fallout, Frankel phoned the station's managing director to say he would not only write a blistering column but would also run every day for a week a box entitled "See It Not," telling about the program that wouldn't be seen. Shortly before the deadline Frankel had given the station, WJW-TV announced it would pick up a kinescope of *See It Now* for showing at a later date.

The *News* critic is no crusader. His columns are full of such comments as this: "It is difficult to understand why viewers protest because Cleveland's TV stations do not always carry new network programs originating in New York City. They've never seen the programs in question, so how can they miss something they've never had? My logic is poor, I'll admit." The reviewer for the *Plain Dealer* once explained his philosophy of television criticism in one sentence: "I do not proffer suggestions to the radio and television fellows because I figure they are getting paid to do all the heavy thinking and I have enough troubles of my own as it is."

When discussing public-service programming, officials of all three Cleveland stations speak much the same language. They usually refer to prior commitments and tight schedules.

Sometimes money is mentioned. A KYW-TV official estimated that when his station carried the NBC opera one Sunday instead of the originally scheduled two and a half hours of movies, $3,865 was lost in revenue. Cultural, educational, and public-affairs programs are almost always presented on Sunday afternoons, when according to network contracts a station can accept a program or not, as it pleases. Since a sponsored network show brings in less revenue than a locally sponsored program and a sustaining network show brings in nothing at all, it is not surprising that affiliates frequently do not accept the Sunday-afternoon network offerings.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, perhaps the public gets what it wants. When WJW-TV last year abruptly dropped a network soap opera called *As the World Turns,* thousands of angry viewers wrote and called the station and the local newspapers. *As the World Turns* returned to the air. But when a station drops one of the better public-service programs, not many people take the trouble to complain.

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John Bull, Uncle Sam, And Their Family Quarrels

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

LESS THAN KIN: A STUDY OF ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS, by William Clark. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

The prevailing ingredients in the stew of Anglo-American relations are saccharine and arsenic. On the whole, saccharine has tended to predominate in recent years. Any Englishman like Mr. Clark—or like myself, in a more academic way—who has a professional concern with the topic may come to wish now and then that it had not been invented. With an inward groan he lectures before complacent luncheon clubs whose chairman almost always introduces him by quoting the Shavian joke about two countries divided by a common language. He goes to tea parties or cocktail affairs, and beams at Hokinson ladies who beam back at him. He and they agree that the English accent has charm, that Sir Winston is a remarkable genius, that it is interesting how what one people calls an elevator is to the other a lift. He finds himself steering nervously away from "controversy," treating Suez as a four-letter word but the Bomb, on the contrary, as an Anglo-American bond of a comparable order to, say, Shakespeare or the Episcopal Church. He is trapped in cliché: transatlantic cousins, Atlantic Community, thicker than water, Mother Country, hands across the sea. He knows that all this conceals a good deal of kindness and sincerity, quite apart from the pathetic aspects of Anglophilia; but it is curiously dead, inert, inaccessible.

After such cloying sustenance, arsenic is almost preferable. There is a relish in the old xenophobic rumpuses about "Who reads an American book?" and "Fifty-four-forty or fight!"; the venomous taunts at Uncle Shylock and Uncle Sham, and Calvin Coolidge's "They hired the money, didn't they?"; the knockabout scurrility of the Chicago *Tribune,* and retaliatory ferocities like that of the Marxist periodical *Arena* which some years back devoted a special issue to the "American threat to British culture," or of the 1957 Oxford Union debate in which "This House" decided by a vote of 280 to 203 that it would "resist a spread of the American way of life to this country."

Indeed, may not such rumbles point to the important and robust truth that nations—or communities, for that matter—do not like one another much, and that there is no reason why they should? In exceptional circumstances—notably during war—a temporary emotion of hate or affection may be both strong and widespread. Mild shades of uninterest and disdain, however, are the normal, healthy inter-national condition.

Clichés Go Home!

It is a delight to discover from Mr. Clark's admirable book that he is shrewdly aware of these elements. A journalist of some eminence and at home in government circles, he is widely traveled, has an intimate knowledge of the United States, writes with wit, and argues with clarity. His thesis is refreshingly free of cant. The characteristic situation between the two countries has, he maintains, been one of rivalry and therefore of friction. There have been real hostilities, since there have been real differences of viewpoint. At the same time, Anglo-American relations *have* been closer than those between any other two independent nations, and each nation *has* had unfortunate misconceptions of the other's true nature. Moreover, there has been a reversal of roles in which junior partner has ousted senior partner—a factor that both challenges and reinforces previous stereotypes (the New World supplanting the Old). Mr. Clark's recommendation is not for a future régime of cozy brotherhood—he knows that it is useless to try to prescribe in such areas—but for a continuing Anglo-American debate in which neither side should pull its punches, yet in which the British should overcome their sense of resentful impotence and the Americans should suppress their impatience and condescension.

No one, I imagine, will disagree seriously with Mr. Clark's lively yet dispassionate argument, which is perhaps even more relevant to the British than to the Americans. America is learning and forgetting—the latter process can be as beneficial as the former—at a brisk pace; there is a danger that the United Kingdom, like the Bourbons, will do neither. If the Bourbons called a spiritual halt at 1789 (and portions of the American South, incidentally, did so at 1865 or even 1863), then the British may be reluctant to budge beyond the bitter glories of 1940.

MR. CLARK's is as able a treatment of the theme as one could ask for within his brief compass. But it may suggest to the reader that no perfect treatment of so difficult a theme is possible. To begin with, saccharine and arsenic cannot be combined, no matter what the proportions, into any sort of wholesome dish. Mr. Clark's mischievously trenchant emphasis upon rivalry and friction is salutary. But, by trade and as a man of good will, he is also eager to spread enlightenment. His world has been that of official information services, press conferences, newspaper coverage, sophisticated interchanges at high government levels. Hence, it may be, an occasional confusion between the normative and the ameliorative: between his point that there is a positive value in Anglo-American friction and his interest in public relations, which in practice always mean better relations, to be arrived at by putting one's best foot forward and by hushing the raucous.

Hence, too, perhaps, coupled with shortage of space, an inadequate though intelligent sketch of the degree to which the two nations have evolved generalizations about each other's characters and about their own respective characters. In other words, what we might call projected images and self-images.

The problem involves the whole

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question of anti-Americanism, and it has many guises.

The Uses of Anti-Americanism

The most obvious is that of American power. Britain derives an understandable if slightly malicious solace from watching America's discomfort in the role Britain itself once occupied. Another and less apparent motive for anti-Americanism, though, as Mr. Clark also brings out, is the long-standing clash between the British and American self-images. To some extent these have corresponded, and sometimes with beneficial results in the world scene. Each country, that is, saw itself as the guardian of freedom and the champion of progress (moral, institutional, technological) in a largely unfree and obscurantist universe. Both had excellent titles to the claim, and Britain still has, though it no longer presses its claim so fervently as the United States does. But Britain has, with some justice, long been irritated by the American assertion. This assertion has no doubt been attributable to a self-conscious search for American identity rather than to crass chauvinism. It has nonetheless annoyed the British, not merely because the American self-image was competitive or because it seemed to rest on squatter's rights in the English libertarian domain, but also because it depended upon a projected image of Britain (and Europe) that was extremely unflattering. The New World, inherently "democratic," "progressive," and "efficient," saw itself in dramatic and diametric contrast to an Old World that was "aristocratic," "reactionary," and "inefficient." Mr. Clark gives some amusing instances of the effect of this polarization upon American assumptions. But its comic aspects should not lead us to underrate the exasperation that such distortion entails.

Various qualifications are needed here. One is that the American self-image and the projective image are "true" in a number of ways. Nor do they entirely contradict Britain's self-image, or Britain's projected image of the United States. For while the British regard themselves, with some justification, as energetic, industrialized, and freedom-loving, they also cling to a vision of a land of quaint, countrified gentlemen not unlike the Hollywood portrait of the Old Country. C. Aubrey Smith was an export as well as an import. Alec Guinness films and the *New Yorker* advertisements of hirsute, tweedy, Burberried British sippers and swiggers minister equally to a native and a foreign image of the Englishman. In fact, the commercialization of the self-image has strengthened it just when one might have thought—and hoped—it was weakening. Through their own efforts the British (as well as other Europeans) have perpetuated a version of themselves that is not only inaccurate but also dangerous.

Britain's projected image of the United States, which likewise has real elements, likewise entails a distortion, and a more immediate source of anti-Americanism. For if

in this polarization the New World stands for everything that is fresh and democratic, it can also be blamed for everything that is vulgar and debased. It becomes a convenient European scapegoat. The horrors of mass culture, the apathies and brutalities of modern urban civilization, can be and often are explained as "Americanization." Last year a correspondent angrily wrote in the *Listener* that the British "are in danger of becoming . . . culturally, the 'forty-ninth State.' The fact that many of these 'American' products are either worthless or positively harmful clearly indicates that we are threatened by . . . a moral and cultural conquest." Three months ago a controversy was aired in the *Times* of London over a proposed new college building at Cambridge. As far as one could judge from an illustration, the design was a conventional, slightly dated example of the modern international style. One correspondent, however, inveighing against this "architectural monstrosity," revealingly described it as "American in its ultimate provenance." *Semper aliquid novi ex America*—and nearly always something nasty. The fear of being culturally swamped by American products which, whether good or bad, are still unmistakably "American" is not altogether baseless or silly. The fear of "Americanization"—or "Admass," as J. B. Priestley labels the phenomenon—is less defensible, if it entails putting all the blame on the United States. But in any case it is a factor, and a growing factor, in fostering anti-Americanism.

Getting and Spending . . .

This leads to a more general and also more fundamental problem of anti-Americanism. It concerns the posture, the *meaning* of the United States: of the national self-image projected onto the world stage. I am saying nothing original when I suggest that the most basic cause of anti-Americanism lies within the very nature of U.S. society as the world at present sees it. Here "the world" includes Americans themselves, though I suppose one ought to exclude Communist criticism where it is hopelessly malevolent or factually warped. More precisely, it is not simply a matter of deciding—as one must—that American moral leadership and American culture and technology are superior to those of Soviet Russia. Rather it is a matter of deciding whether America as a civilization, as an idea, is as good as it ought to be—whether what it has to offer provides moral inspiration in addition to material well-being and military prowess.

Of course no country is as good as it ought to be; and of course the values of western Europe differ only in degree, not in kind, from those of the United States. But what *does* America have to offer? Here its own countrymen have made the most searching charges. In a crude sense, some of America's own native critics are the true anti-Americans. And the deepest criticism is not of the false populism of mass culture, or of American absorption in nuclear annihilation, but of the way in which the national *economy* has be-

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come equated with and symbolic of the national mission, the national morality.

It is hard not to talk nonsense on this subject, and very hard for a European commentator to evade the accusation of jealousy or hypocrisy. In the world as a whole and in the perspective of history, mankind seems to have been almost exclusively preoccupied with getting and spending. The nationalist and imperialist impulses of older powers are not morally superior in themselves. Indeed, as collective impulses they are morally inferior: the *national* demeanor of the United States is much more worthy of praise. As a country, as an economy, the United States clearly is a success. It is viable. It has authority, stability, cultural by-products of which it has every right to be proud.

The disturbing feature is that it also makes its world appeal, in the moral sphere, mainly in economic terms; and that these terms envisage man mainly as a consumer, a creature of inordinate wants that must always be increased yet left unsatisfied. If this is all, it is an ignoble concept.

Of course it is not all, and even in itself has all sorts of redeeming features. But as a world message it is hollow and spurious, a vulgar come-on, an adman's pitch for a dream whose only value is quantity, whose only direction is up, whose only tense is the future. Who is stirred by such a limbo? The question is raised with scholarly calm in David Potter's brilliant book *People of Plenty,* and with penitential excitement in a host of recent comments by ordinary Americans that, even if they Auto Buy Now, they do not care for the jazzy product. What they are complaining about—perhaps with a touch of hysteria, for there is much to be said in favor of American automobiles—is that the American Dream has been appropriated by Madison Avenue. Men in advertising and public relations are hard-working and ingenious; within their own realm it is not absurd to speak of them as "sincere" or even "dedicated." The trouble is that their realm has tended to reach out and out, so that America's salesmen merge into America's spokesmen, America's shamans. The eager manner, the vibrant voice, the virtuous stress on "service" and "research," the gimmick (such as choosing 1776 as the box number of the Advertising Council's new campaign, "Your Great Future in a Growing America") and the slogan—all these threaten to combine in one king-size Cineramic, stereophonic presentation of Uncle Sham.

Of course—to repeat—this is not all, thank goodness, and thank goodness in more ways than one. There is also the America of meaningful abstractions, the great land ruled by law, passionately if incoherently attached to the notion of the free individual, at least as deeply committed as Europe to Christendom as an ethical foundation if not necessarily a dogmatic discipline. As a world image this too suffers to some extent from salesmanship. In fact, ultimately and for two reasons it cannot be used as a sales device for Americanism. First, it is not sufficiently glossy or sharp at the edges. Second, it is not inherently American, since the abstractions originate in Europe and still have application there.

What conclusion may be drawn from these minatory remarks? To me, as I fancy to Mr. Clark, one conclusion must be that the United States and Britain (and Europe as a whole) should seek to understand, and break down, the polarization of images that has set one continent off from another. They are not identical civilizations and need not strive to become so. But they ought to recognize that the old polarizations alienate one from another, and encourage America to pursue a vision of itself as unique that nowadays seems to run away into vulgar and unwitting parody. Mumbo jumbo is bad enough: let us make the effort, at any rate, to prevent the admen from turning it into jumbo mumbo.

Love Among the Proxies

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

The Accounting, by Bruce Marshall. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.*

The Man Who Broke Things, by John Brooks. *Harper. $3.95.*

The problem of the novel that concerns itself with the presumptively interesting problems of business, as I have remarked here before, is that the authors who know about life and love know woefully little about business, while the reverse is also all too glaringly true. However, to every rule there are at least some exceptions, and the two novels here noted qualify at least partially as such.

Indeed the first, by a veteran English writer, bridges the long gap in human experience between making money and making love almost as though it did not exist. The book tells of the efforts of a team of (mainly) British accountants to track down a suspected embezzlement in a French bank. The members are individually encouraged in this competitive search by the hope that the resulting financial reward will enable them to solve various problems involving wives and mistresses. And the whole story is inextricably intertwined with life at a notably Parisian establishment called the House of Todays Without Tomorrows.

Mr. Marshall, the author, was for many years a chartered accountant in Paris, where austere Anglo-Saxon auditing has often been thought a valuable corrective for the impressionistic tendencies of Latin bookkeeping. I am not an expert in accounting—I once years ago gave a course on the subject, but it passed from the textbook through to the students without leaving any residue. However, there can be no question that the author is admirably qualified, and his deployment of this knowledge for the purpose of the novel is both skillful and amusing.

All in all, it is a highly entertaining piece of work. And if it has no other purpose but entertainment, it must be added that the author had no other intention.

Mr. Brooks's new novel is a more serious though in all respects a less polished effort. His first book

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dealt with life in a large magazine enterprise which some thought resembled the Luce publications, by which the author was once employed. In this one—actually it is his third—he has moved downtown to deal with the efforts of an ambitious and ruthless promoter to gain control of a large merchandising establishment called the Great Eastern Company which has fallen under the control of an aging and stubborn management obsessed only with the idea of building up ample cash reserves for what was then still the forthcoming depression.

The parallel with the battle for control of Montgomery Ward that took place a few years ago will be evident, although Mr. Brooks takes the precaution of bringing the latter company into his story to show that he isn't talking about *it*.

The author has done some careful research into the conduct of proxy battles. He also does a fairly convincing portrait of the management that is resisting change and the reputable and upright Wall Streeters who are resisting the promoter. His portrait of Haislip the promoter seems to me completely bogus. He is a man in whom ambition and lust for power (both nurtured by a sense of his earlier exclusion from the councils of the mighty) are intricately mixed with a desire to do good. He is suspected of an intention to rob the company; in fact, he intends to reform it and make it a model of progressive enterprise. I find the redeeming qualities wholly implausible. In the end Haislip wins control of Great Eastern and starts in to build it up. In real life I would count on him to loot it good.

YET MR. BROOKS is entitled to believe in miraculous redemption if he wishes, and he makes the story of the proxy battle tolerably exciting. (He might have given the techniques of competitive solicitation a little more play.) And he deals with the related strains on the relationship between two old friends, a father and son, two lovers, and the promoter and his mistress in a competent and at times compelling way. *The Man Who Broke Things* is a good novel, even though Mr. Brooks is a candidate for the cleaners if he insists on trusting people like his hero.

The Permanent Revolution Of Milovan Djilas

THEODORE DRAPER

LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE, by Milovan Djilas. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.*

Milovan Djilas belongs to the noble company of great prisoners whose captivity shames freedom. We feel that he is fighting our battle as well as that of his own people, and yet we are powerless to do anything but pay homage to his courage and sacrifice.

But Tito cannot silence him. His first book to reach us, *The New Class,* has spoken to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the world. Now a second book, *Land Without Justice,* the autobiography of his youth, has made a laughingstock of his jailers, who can imprison his body but not his mind.

How and when these two books were written tells us something about the quality of the man. Tito excommunicated Djilas in January, 1954, as punishment for a series of articles protesting the corruption of Tito's ruling clique. Djilas's first trial took place at the beginning of 1955, and he received a suspended sentence. His second trial came at the end of 1956, and he received his first prison sentence. He was tried again and sentenced to prison a second time last October.

The two books were written between his first and second trials. He must have written them knowing they would cost him his freedom, since he took extraordinary precautions to send copies of his manuscripts abroad. He chose to defy Tito with coldly premeditated deliberateness. In one sense, Djilas could not win, for Tito had it in his power to suppress him. In another sense, Tito could not win, for he could not suppress Djilas's words. The writer Djilas has served the cause of freedom as the politician Djilas never did.

TWO BOOKS written in less than two years under such circumstances represent a remarkable feat of human determination and concentration. This feat takes on a still more staggering dimension from the nature of the books. They could not be more different in subject, in treatment, in the light cast on their author. *The New Class* is an ideological essay, a political manifesto. It betrays haste and transition. Luminous flashes streak through turgid passages in which Djilas struggles with but never quite masters his momentous theme. Since the central idea was hardly original, one wondered whether the same work would have stirred up as much excitement if written by someone who had not been a vice-president of Communist Yugoslavia. *Land Without Justice* is a poet's book, a storyteller's fancy. It moves slowly and lovingly through a man's memory of boyhood. It is such a finely wrought, often achingly beautiful tour de force that one wonders, this time, whether it would not be more readily appreciated strictly for its literary merit if not written by a former vice-president of Communist Yugoslavia.

The second book has three parts. In the first, Djilas assigns the chief role to his tiny, terrible state within a state, Montenegro; in the second, to his family; and, in the last, to himself. He tells legendary tales of "grandeur and horror," as he characterizes the life of Bosko Boskovic, one of the last great Montenegrin chieftains, who arouses his admiration and pity. He re-creates much of the past through the story of his grandfather's uncle Marko, a renowned outlaw lured to his death; his grandfather Aleksa, who murdered in revenge and was murdered; and his father, Nikola, who once spent a year and a day shackled in prison to prevent him from seeking revenge. Most of all, he brings to life the brooding, bloody little world of Montenegro with a procession of wild and wonderful characters. He needs only a page or two, sometimes a paragraph, to portray them with broad, swift strokes. A highly gifted

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translator, who chose to remain anonymous, also seems part of Djilas's literary good fortune.

An Allegory in Montenegro

Why did Djilas awaiting imprisonment have to write a book about Montenegro? Was it merely to recall his youth, to escape into the past? This may have been part of it, but the work itself suggests a deeper, more subtle reason.

Montenegro may well be symbolic of the meaning of Djilas's life. The book weaves an elaborate allegory with strong political overtones. Djilas relates how as a child he mourned the death of the Albanian hero Iso of Boljetini, and remarks: "It was a special kind of sorrow, rather admiration for a fearless hero of wild Albania who had fought to the end on a bare field and empty road, neither begging nor forgiving, upright and without protection." He describes the glorious, last purely Montenegrin Battle of Mojkovac, and comments: "The grandeur of this battle lay in the expression of an undying and inexplicable heroism and sacrifice, which held that it was easier to die than to submit to shame—for in death there is neither defeat nor shame."

The misfortunes of his Uncle Teofil bring out this reflection: "The strongest are those who renounce their own times and become a living part of those yet to come. The strongest, and the rarest." His father opposed the incorporation of Montenegro into the new state of Yugoslavia and yet, as an officer, accepted service as a local commandant after 1918. "The course of history was changing, and one could not manage to warm himself at two fires at once," Djilas writes. "Choosing between conviction and a better life, most, including Father, decided in favor of the latter. Must it be so? Is this not a deliberate rejection of something that is peculiar to man alone, free thought, that which is most human in man?" A young woman had once stirred a youthful passion in him. Years later they met, she a petty clerk, he a powerful official. "The revolution had taken everything from her; it gave me everything—except what I had idealistically expected from it."

These last words are as close as Djilas approaches present-day politics. Nevertheless, he seems to want to tell us something about himself through the veil of Montenegro's folk character. There is too much in this book about the glory of heroism, especially in lost causes, for it to be purely objective.

On the surface, *The New Class* and *Land Without Justice* seem so different that they should have been written by different people. One is abstract and polemical, the other humane and novelistic. The duality has its explanation in Djilas's past. When he was eighteen, just entering the University of Belgrade, he wanted to be a Communist and a writer. But he belonged to a generation, of which we had some notable American examples, that believed it had to choose between politics and

literature. To write, he tells us, was his personal desire; to be a Communist, his moral obligation to society. The Communist increasingly repressed the writer.

Now Djilas, freed of the party, has also been freed of making the choice. He can write both politics and literature. The young poet turned revolutionary; now the disillusioned revolutionary has returned to poetry. I suspect that Djilas's real gift as a writer has come out for the first time in *Land Without Justice*.

Tito's Trotsky

Why does Tito have to persecute this man? Why do Djilas's writings hold out such a threat to him?

From any practical point of view, Tito's action does not make sense. His punishment of Djilas for an article and a book published abroad has shocked the conscience of the entire intellectual world. It has cost him infinitely more in the sympathies of just those foreign radical circles he has tried to woo than anything he could conceivably gain by intimidating potential critics at home. Djilas's forbidden writings have become commonplaces to Yugoslav intellectuals, who do not seem unduly disturbed by them, and the overwhelming mass of peasants would not understand them if their lives depended on it. If Djilas is guilty of circulating nothing but a pack of lies, the facts of Yugoslav life would cry out against him, and only he could be hurt by them. Tito clearly endangers Yugoslavia's cause by demonstrating that a Djilas has no more freedom in Yugoslavia than he would have in Russia.

If this were a purely rational, practical matter, Tito would never pay such a heavy price for his vindictiveness. There is something obsessional about this martyrdom of a lonely rebel. Djilas haunts all of us, but most of all he haunts his former comrade-in-arms, Tito. At the recent Yugoslav Communist congress, Tito criticized the Russians with restraint, reserving his wrath for Djilas. Djilas cannot threaten Tito's power; he mocks at his uniforms, his villa, his courtiers, his post-revolutionary *nouveaux riches*. And Tito has to stifle Djilas in order to stifle something in himself.

Stalin had his Trotsky, and Tito has his Djilas. Why did Stalin have to drive Trotsky out of a corner of Europe and send killers to Mexico to assassinate him? After years of opposition, Trotsky had few faithful disciples. He had hurled his mightiest verbal thunderbolts, and Stalin had easily survived them. Trotsky could not even bring himself to imagine the full pathological enormity of Stalin's crimes as revealed sixteen years later by an excellently placed witness, Nikita Khrushchev. There was something obsessional about Trotsky's murder, too. Stalin had to kill Trotsky to kill something in himself. Trotsky could not hurt him, but Trotsky could haunt him.

Yet Tito is a rebel, too. He rebelled against Stalin, and now he is rebelling against Khrushchev. Paradoxically, Tito fights the Russians with the same weapons that Djilas fights Tito. The Yugoslavs criticize the Russians for evils they have in common, and ask a toleration from the Russians that they refuse to give their own people. The latest Yugoslav Communist program has infuriated the Russians by hitting out in part against uncontrollable

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"bureaucratic statism" and suggesting that it is time some of the state's power should begin to wither away. In short, Tito talks like Djilas when he faces Khrushchev, and he acts like Khrushchev when he faces Djilas. What is still admirable in Tito always comes out when the Russians threaten his revolutionary nationalism. Yet an authentic national revolutionary régime has thrown Djilas into the same cell at Stremska Mitrovica in which he was imprisoned a quarter of a century ago by a royal dictatorship.

There used to be an argument in some old-time revolutionary circles as to whether they were making "a" revolution or "the revolution. This seemingly esoteric distinction caused many nights of sound and fury, and it is still meaningful, especially in eastern Europe today. The Djilases make "a" revolution; the Titos make "the" revolution. For the former, the revolution signifies a never-ending quest for a humane ideal, and they continue to revolt even when it gives them everything "except what I had idealistically expected from it." For the latter, the revolution signifies a one-way conquest of power, after which they become fervent converts of order, obedience, and orthodoxy. The permanent revolution used to be associated with Trotsky's name, but Djilas goes much further. For Trotsky, it was a road leading to *his* revolution; for Djilas, it is the road beyond.

THE FINAL IRONY is that such a man as Djilas should be *persona grata* in the West. Do our official western propagandists really think he is one of them? What would he do, or not do, against our own inequalities, injustices, inhumanities, hypocrisies? If Djilas could speak to us, he might cry: "Gentleman, I implore you, do not embrace me to death!" »»

The Hole in Fitzgerald's Pocket

OTTO FRIEDRICH

AFTERNOON OF AN AUTHOR, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Arthur Mizener. *Scribner. $4.50.*

"What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work," F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to his daughter six months before he died in 1940, "and I wish now I'd *never* relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of *The Great Gatsby*: 'I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing.' "

He never, of course, said any such thing. Fitzgerald remained what he had always been—a wastrel, charmer, drunkard, an extraordinarily gifted writer who was almost willfully vulnerable to suffering, cursed with the social climber's adulation of wealth and gentility and yet blessed with the knowledge that everything he believed in was a fraud.

Mammon's fool was almost constantly in debt, constantly doing hack work to pay back the money he had already squandered. In his first success, after achieving the "triumph" of marrying the Southern belle who had thrown him over because he wasn't rich, Fitzgerald described his spendthrift troubles in a sketch called "How to Live on $36,000 a Year." Fifteen years later, with his wife in an asylum and his daughter at school, it was need that sent him to Hollywood, where he not only did hack screen writing but also wrote a series of stories for *Esquire* about a hack screen writer named Pat Hobby.

THE PROBLEMS of hack writing—why is it necessary? what does it demand? what are its results?—emerge as the main theme of this new volume of twenty previously uncollected autobiographical sketches and short stories put together by Arthur Mizener. It is a discordant theme, to which Fitzgerald repeatedly returns without any hope of resolving it. But Mr. Mizener, who produced a painstaking critical biography of Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise*, a few years ago, has taken a more exalted view of his subject, as befits an academic man. "The main purpose . . . ," he writes, "is to illustrate both the persistence of Fitzgerald's fundamental sense of experience and the way his uses of it varied." These are largely stories that fill gaps in Fitzgerald's own story—three of the boyhood tales about Basil Duke Lee, an early analysis of Hemingway and "my generation," a preliminary study for *Tender Is the Night*. In the title story, Fitzgerald expresses his own crack-up in the debilitated caution of "the author" getting himself to the barbershop.

The distaste for hack writing—the idea that it necessarily destroys talent—has little foundation in history. One need not go back to Defoe and Smollett and Dr. Johnson to find talent for sale. Mark Twain was an accomplished hack, and even Henry James tried his best to make a sow's ear out of a silken purse. Hemingway started as a newspaperman of sorts, and Ring Lardner remained one all his life.

Fitzgerald knew his job. He writes amiably of retiring to the garage and "emerging the next afternoon at five o'clock with a 7,000-word story. That . . . would pay the rent and last month's overdue bills." The problem varied only in that it became increasingly difficult to emerge with a story. "When, at the recurrent cry of 'Baby needs shoes,' I sit facing my sharpened pencils and block of legal-sized paper," he wrote nine years later, "I have a feeling of utter helplessness. . . . Plots without emotions, emotions without plots."

Someone once remarked that writers resemble prostitutes, starting because they want to, continuing because people ask them, and finally doing it just for money. As Fitzgerald never really understood what money was—a payment for time and effort and not a divine gift to the young and beautiful—so he never could fully admit that the work he did for money was not a step in his literary career, not a "comeback," but a financial and even a psychological necessity, part of the life that made his masterpieces possible. Yet with his typical self-perception, Fitzgerald's last great creations included not only the glamorous Monroe Stahr of *The Last Tycoon* but also the engaging wreck, Pat Hobby.

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The Limits of Nasserism

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

DEFENSE OF THE MIDDLE EAST: PROBLEMS of AMERICAN POLICY, by John C. Campbell. *Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper. $5.*

Mr. Campbell is aware of the fact that the main problem in the Middle East is the attitude of radical Arab nationalism toward the West. And he stresses that the United States can successfully defend the Middle East against the Soviet Union only if it can find a basis of common interest and common understanding with the peoples of the Middle East. He takes it for granted that such a basis exists, and that it would be easier to reach agreement with radical Arab nationalism than with the Soviet Union. He may be correct on this, but one wishes that the assumption had been subjected to somewhat closer preliminary examination.

The prospect is not hopeless, according to Mr. Campbell, despite the obvious weaknesses of Arab nationalism: its lack of positive content and its incapability over the long run to satisfy popular desire. It is not hopeless, because "nationalism is more than the mouthings of its self-appointed leaders. It springs from the deepest feelings of the people, who will not knowingly follow the path leading to national subjection."

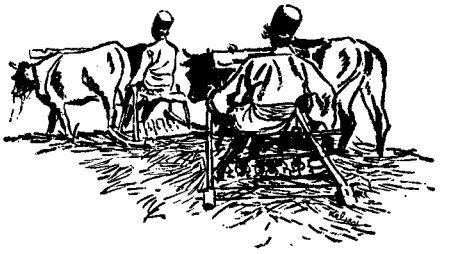
Here, I believe, Mr. Campbell is unduly harsh with regard to Communism in Asia and the Middle East; he assumes a basic conflict between Communism and nationalism in Asia. But is Mao Tse-tung really a bad patriot? Or Ho Chi Minh? It is of course nonsense to argue, as the Communists do, that they have a monopoly on the national movement in Asia. But is their claim to represent authentic nationalism really much more exaggerated than that of the other groups? Everybody in Asia is a nationalist, and almost everybody in the Arab world is for Arab unity. But these slogans are extremely vague; they fail to convey anything about the content of these movements. Arab unity under Communist auspices and along national Communist lines is at least a possibility we must consider.

It is Mr. Campbell's fear that Communist penetration in countries such as Egypt and Syria may go so far that it will become Communist control before nationalism can successfully assert itself against it. When he says "nationalism," he means what the Communists would define as the national bourgeoisie. Here he has put his finger on what is presumably the most divisive issue of all, but unfortunately he does not elaborate on it.

The Transient Alliance

Within the national movement in the Arab world (and in the rest of Asia) there are basic differences between the Communist component and the non-Communist forces. The alliance between these two is only transient, and a clash between them in the not too distant future seems almost inevitable. This conflict has been obscured for a variety of reasons, mainly foreign political, that need not be discussed here in detail. But one day it is going to break out into the open, and we may yet see Nasser (or whoever is to succeed him) rushing to Washington with a request for urgent help against his adversaries.

In this context Mr. Campbell makes some sensible suggestions: The lines of communication between the Arabs and the West should be kept open. Nasserism should not be appeased, but neither should there be a frontal assault against it. Nationalism in the Arab world has been anti-western, because the targets of this nationalism were positions held by the western powers. But some of these targets have been removed in recent years, and others may disappear soon. Thus the area of conflict between the Arabs and the West will shrink, while the very success of the Soviet drive to become a Middle Eastern power may make it impossible for Moscow to pose as a disinterested friend for many more years. In other words, the Soviet Union may replace the West as the main target of Arab nationalism.



All this would be highly desirable, but I suspect Mr. Campbell underrates both the farsightedness of the Soviet leadership and the shortsightedness of Colonel Nasser and his colleagues. It is of course known in Moscow that the alliance with Colonel Nasser is temporary, that sooner or later the forces now heading the radical Arab nationalist movement will have exhausted their usefulness as far as Moscow is concerned. But obviously the Soviet leaders do not want this to happen too soon, e.g., before the Communist forces in the Arab world are strong enough to take over.

It should not be too difficult to postpone the open conflict between the Communist and the non-Communist wing until the former is ready. Meanwhile Colonel Nasser could be pushed into new foreign political adventures in North and Central Africa, or be persuaded to take over the Arabian oil fields, a move that would make a reconciliation between him and the West difficult if not impossible. And it is not certain even whether Nasser would need much pushing and persuasion in that respect.

Considering all this, the outlook is not too promising. Nasser may yet implore the West for help, but if things go on as they are now in the Middle East, it is more likely than not that he will see the light just too late.

IN ADDITION to a discussion of some of these problems, *Defense of the Middle East* presents a concise review of western attempts to "organize" the area, the story of the ill-fated Baghdad Pact and the Eisenhower Doctrine. Of the latter the author charitably says that "if interpreted rigidly . . . it might prove

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largely irrelevant to the specific challenges of the future." Mr. Campbell's insistence that further and more steadfast efforts should be made by American diplomacy to bring the Arab-Israeli dispute nearer to settlement appears somewhat exaggerated. There is no solution in sight, and in any case a new war seems unlikely for some time to come. Anyway, Soviet diplomacy will always be able to outpromise the West in its offers to the Arab governments. In these circumstances it is difficult to see what desirable results a fresh diplomatic initiative could possibly have.

The importance of the Palestine conflict for Arab-western relations has been overrated for too long; events elsewhere in Asia, in Indonesia for instance, tend to show that the state of affairs in the Middle East would not be radically different if Israel had never come into existence. This may be difficult to accept, because the Palestine issue plays such a tremendous role in Arab propaganda. But every student of politics should know, as every physician does, that symptoms and subjective complaints are not necessarily identical with the real illness. It is more than doubtful whether even the symptoms would disappear with a solution of the Palestine conflict; the deeper Middle Eastern malaise would certainly remain.

Up from Zero

VIRGINIA P. HELD

DECLARATION. Edited by Tom Maschler. *Dutton. $3.50.*

This collection of essays by Britain's "angry young men" is chiefly valuable as an expression of a generation. Though the writers represented in it are by no means a group—they vigorously attack each other within its pages—they have, with the exception of John Wain, an important characteristic in common. They are members not of a lost generation or of a beat generation, but of what I should like to call an up-from-zero generation. They reject the values, the aims, the beliefs of the world that has gone before—a world that has dealt them wars, hypocrisy, and cruelty; a world that proffers them gods in which they cannot believe and a logic which they cannot refute but which in no way helps them to live their lives; and a world that presents them above all with the ever-present threat of extinction in a radioactive holocaust.

The Unwilling Nihilists

Unlike the young writers of many other epochs, they have found the smashing of past idols remarkably easy. The task was largely accomplished before they came upon the scene. And they have moved beyond the smashing to a realization that to sit motionless amid the debris is impossible. To my mind it is this that distinguishes this group of writers, and perhaps their generation. The critics have almost exclusively stressed the nihilism of these "angry young men," often using the label in an attempt to ridicule them, and in doing so have missed the point. It isn't their nihilism that distinguishes these writers, but their unwillingness to remain nihilists. The zero is where they start, not where they end up; they know they must move up from it somehow.

Doris Lessing says in her essay, "The Small Personal Voice," that the "One certainty we all accept is the condition of being uncertain and insecure." They accept this almost before they begin. What drives them is the search for what one of them calls "the escape route to progress." They have understood, as our own beat generation seems not to have, the existentialist demonstration that man cannot escape the agony of decision. He may be unable to accept anything on which to base his decision, yet he cannot escape the consequences of his choice; he may choose to act or he may choose not to act, but the latter is itself a decision whose consequences may be more dire than the former. In their near-unanimous recognition of the

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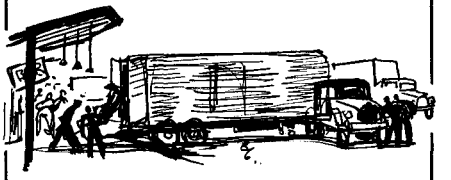

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impossibility of freedom from beliefs and judgments and commitments, these British writers have a good deal in common with Sartre and Camus.

What they feel most deeply is that if a way out of the present world crisis is not found soon, humanity will go up in smoke. On the question of which escape hatch to head for, however, they part company. Except for John Wain, who is content to remain in the hold solving far more limited puzzles, they scramble toward two exits.

FIRST THERE ARE the religionists, most prominent among whom is Colin Wilson. He is looking for a new religion, he says in "Beyond the Outsider," because he thinks it is the only thing that can save western civilization. He isn't able to indicate what the new religion might be like; he seems to think that if he shows us how badly we need it, it will somehow appear. But the degree of desperation with which a man lost in the desert needs a drink of water has no relation to the likelihood of his finding a spring if there is no spring. Yet Wilson would dismiss any consideration of whether something is there or isn't there as simply abstract philosophy or science, and therefore almost worthless.

Bill Hopkins says we need religion to give us strength to overcome our exhaustion so that we shall be able to deal with the problems of the world; Stuart Holroyd thinks we need religion to give significance to life in the event it does escape extinction.

All three of these writers proclaim what is essentially an intellectualized version of the trend so popular in the United States: belief in belief. In America the argument has it that if you believe in God you will be successful in business, in love, in your community. The young British religionists, to be sure, upgrade considerably the activities religion will help you be successful in, but the appeal is substantially the same.

SINCE THEIR ARGUMENTS are pragmatic, they shouldn't mind being judged in pragmatic terms. A few weeks ago Wilson, Hopkins, and Holroyd were at the opening of Holroyd's first play. In the audience were also drama critic Kenneth Tynan (another author represented in this book), his wife, and a friend. The friend and Tynan's wife walked out before the end of the play and went to the pub next door, where Tynan joined them after the final curtain. Suddenly in came Holroyd, Hopkins, and Wilson. Wilson is reported to have shoved Tynan's friend to the floor and flailed at Tynan, shouting, "I'll stamp you out, Tynan! Literature isn't big enough for both of us."

Without making too much of this, it does perhaps indicate that the new religion, like so many religions, may easily lapse into intolerance. In his essay in *Declaration* Wilson reveals a positive hatred for humanists and logicians, and a remarkable arrogance. He loftily concedes that "the Kants, the Hegels, are not to be dismissed," as if it were perfectly clear to anyone but a dolt that there is only one Colin Wilson, while Kants and Hegels, of course, come in the plural.

Outwitting an Abyss

In the second group are the humanists. Though they might not agree to being lumped together, they seem to me to be moving in the same direction. Kenneth Tynan, one of this group, thinks the job of the playwright is to reassert a number of simple platitudes about equality of opportunity, abolition of want, the horrors of war—"old stuff, of course, too yawn-provoking, but if we want a responsible drama we must go on plugging it . . ." He hopes for a socialism that would be a joyful international affirmation, "a joint declaration that we are all equal members of a gigantic conspiracy to outwit the abysses of night and silence . . ." Considering where semantic philosophy has led, Tynan says: "We have artists afraid to affirm anything addressing an audience that believes either nothing or nonsense. When that kind of deadlock is reached, it is time for the heart to take over from the head."

Another is novelist Doris Lessing, who rebukes Colin Wilson for claiming to speak for his generation when he says that "Like all my generation I am anti-humanist and anti-materialist." She reminds him that millions of young people—in Asia and Africa, for instance—are both humanist and materialist. "Mr. Wilson may find the desire of backward people not to starve, not to remain illiterate, rather uninteresting but he and people like him should at least try and understand it exists, and what a great and creative force it is." She feels an obligation to forgo "the pleasurable luxury of despair," and makes her choice for humanism and the fearlessness of moral judgments.

In his essay in *Declaration*, "They Call It Cricket," John Osborne says that he admires the man who not only protests but who acts on his protest, no matter how futile it may be—futile because no one will listen and futile because there are so many good arguments on the other side too. "I behaved like any other 'intellectual' of my generation. We sat at home, well-fed, with our reputations and our bank-accounts intact, and left it to some hard-up little Unitarian who was over sixty to hitch-hike all the way, making the only gesture on his own. Nobody laughed at us, we made quite sure of that. 'H-Bomb Harold' the brave lads of Fleet Street called him. No doubt he was a crank . . . but he was the only one of us who had the decency or the courage to . . . make his comical little protest that was certain to fail. . . . A writer can demonstrate feeling. It takes an extraordinary human being to demonstrate action as well."

There is, finally, Lindsay Anderson, movie maker and critic. He says he has a feeling, and he hopes it is more than a hope, "that it is no longer seriousness that is felt to be a bore (particularly among younger people), so much as obsessional flippancy and the weary cult of the 'amusing' . . . Perhaps people are beginning to understand that we can no longer afford the luxury of scepticism . . . in the values of humanism, and in their determined application to our society, lies the future."

THESE WRITERS have made a wide range of choices—from Wilson's religiosity to Tynan's socialism—but they speak with one voice for their generation in affirming that alternatives are there to be chosen, and cannot be escaped.

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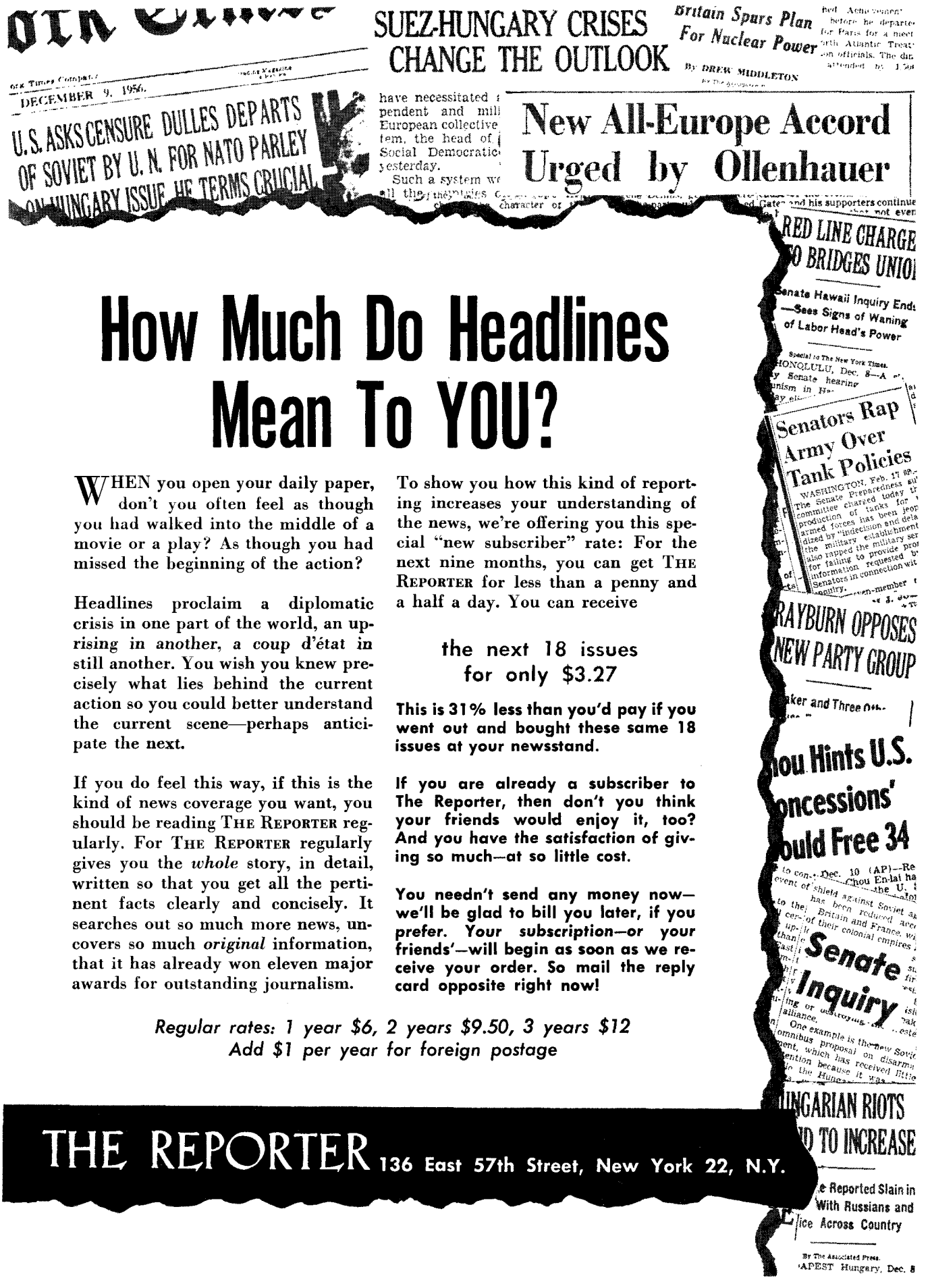

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DR. THOMAS A. DOOLEY, a thirty-one year old physician from St. Louis, is a front-lines soldier in mankind's greatest war — the war against human suffering. Since 1955 Dr. Dooley has worked with dedication to bring his medical skills to tens of thousands of Southeast Asian peoples. Many had never seen a doctor. In 1955-56, as a Navy doctor, Tom Dooley treated thousands of Vietnamese refugees who fled from the Communist North to Free South Vietnam. Dr. Dooley returned to Laos in late 1956 as a civilian representative of the International Rescue Committee, to build new medical clinics and to practice medicine in the jungle only a few miles from the Chinese border.

As a result of his experiences, Dr. Dooley returned to the United States in early 1958 determined to help organize a systematic onslaught against the greatest single scourge to the human race—disease. In cooperation with the IRC, he helped to found MEDICO.

MEDICO—a division of the International Rescue Committee—has been organized on a worldwide basis to fight the only war which MEDICO seeks—the war against disease in the remote areas of Asia and Africa. MEDICO's soldiers are American doctors, nurses, dentists and medical technicians. MEDICO teams are being sent to areas where medicine is only a word and suffering is an endless reality. The weapons of MEDICO are drugs, medical equipment, and the dollars which the American people are generously providing.

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Dr. Dooley returns to Laos in July under MEDICO sponsorship to build a new hospital. MEDICO has sent a dentist and equipment for a complete dental clinic plus a quantity of drugs and supplies to the African hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, MEDICO's Honorary Patron. The hospital work of Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, the legendary Burma Surgeon, is now sponsored by MEDICO. Still other teams are in preparation to be sent to the disease-ravaged areas of the world as funds are found to finance them.

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